

CHEZ SARAH.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

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mademoiselle, with pleasure. I'll come to get your signature, which is that remains to be done to complete the dance."—"What!" she exclaimed, "sign on a Friday! Never in the world! I could do such a thing! Come on Saturday morning I'll complete the matter."—"The next

harmless humanity, nobel and kindly wishes, and
cheerfulness, &c. Illustrated samples, set free, cost
copies of thousands of testimonials from royalty, poets,
clergymen, and all classes of society. Advice from, per-
son or by letter. Send for private advice-form. Full particu-
lars of **Harnes's World-famed Electric-Ambly Belt** will be sent
free on application.—Ad. res. Mr. C. B. Harnes, Con-
sultant, The Medical Battery Company, Limited,
Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rushmore-place).—**E**

A shocking occurrence is reported from

perished in the winter of 1886, while attempting to rescue the crew of the German barkentine ship, the Wend, which had been wrecked on the beach between the pier and the lighthouse. A new lifeboat, named The Brothers, was launched.

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LEACH'S CHILDREN'S DRESSMAKER, price 1d.
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MRS. with one of these post street.

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persons thousands, and ready witnesses, able to depose, &c. illustrated examples, of free, counter-copies of thousands of testimonies from royalty, peers, clergymen, and all classes of society. Advice from, or by letter. Send for trivials *alive* form. Full particulars Harrow's World-famed Electropneumatic Belt will be sent free on application.—Address, Mr. C. B. Harrow, County Electrician, The Medical Battery Company, Limited, Oxford-street, London W. (opposite to Rathbone-place).—**E**

A house in the low haunts of Dunkirk has been

perished in the winter of 1886, while attempting to rescue the crew of the German barque "Albatross," which was wrecked on the beach between the pier and the lighthouse. A new lifeboat, named "The Brothers," was recently launched.

Robert Bright, 29, assistant engineer, v

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LONDON.—[Advt.]

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The ceremony of unveiling the memorial erected at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea to the lifeboatmen who perished in the winter of 1886, while attempting to rescue the crew of the German barque *Albatross*, took place on Wednesday. The memorial is placed on the beach between the pier and the lighthouse. A new lifeboat, named *The Brewster*, was afterwards launched.

ondent, in a letter from
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HARNES'S ELECTROPATHIC BELT should be worn by everybody. It is guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of electricity which will restore health, strength, and energy to the whole body, and promptly cure rheumatism, sciatica, nervous debility, liver and kidney diseases, indigestion, flatulency, dyspepsia, &c. Illustrated pamphlets, at free, containing copies of thousands of testimonials from royalty, physicians, clergymen, and all classes of society. Address free, personally or by letter. Send for price and form. Full particulars of Harnes's Wonderful Electropathic Belt will be sent post free on application.—Address, Sir C. B. Harnes, Consulting Electrician, The Medical Electric Company, Limited, 35, Oxford-street, London W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—Advt.

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THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT.

By MRS. LYNN LINTON.
AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KERRALL," "THE STORY
OF LANE DUNDAS," "FANTON CAREW,"
&c., &c.

BOOK THE SECOND.
CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Hope's tales were false and flattering, as usual. Estelle's new state of motherhood left her general condition unchanged. Naturally, she loved the child; but she took no more interest than before in anything else. And she loved the child in an odd manner—with a jealousy, a fitness, utterly foreign to her former character. Once when the nurse, thinking to please her with the same chatter, considered good enough for young mothers, said that this red little bundle of flannel and potentialities was like its bronzed and sinewy father, Estelle put the creature back into her arms with visible annoyance, and would not look at it for hours after.

As she grew stronger in health her apathy seemed to increase. She cared nothing for her duties as house-mistress and local sultan, and did not fulfil them. The house kept itself between her maid and the cook, and she neither knew nor noticed how things went. Society eddied round her in balls and dinners, and she seldom went where invited, and she would not invite in return. She appeared to read as much as if she had been a sincere student, but as often as not her book was upside down, and she would sit for hours without turning a page. Sometimes she took up a length of embroidery, but she seldom got beyond the first few stitches, and these she did as often wrongly as not. When Anthony spoke to her she answered him always in the same gentle way of bare and brief response, which left him nothing to complain of save its lifelessness and want of spontaneity. She never contradicted him nor opposed him, but she never went before his wish with a suggestion of her own, and she neither looked at him when she spoke to him nor returned his caresses. The only thing that seemed to stir her to activity of feeling was when he touched the child. Then her soft brown eyes became dark and gloomy as with suppressed indignation, and her pallid face would flush as if her veins were living fire. But even to this she did not openly object, much as it cost her to endure what she felt as degradation; and her self-control at such moments was the most conscious and self-reliant apparently stagnant and unconscious of her. In a short time Mary came back. Yes, Mrs. Latimer was well enough to see her to-day. She was only poorly at the best of times, but she was in her better mood to-day—the Lord be thanked—for Mary Crosby was devoted as well as devoted—as good a Christian as she was an attached servant. On which Estelle accompanied Charlie's old nurse into the back room, where, sitting in the dim obscurity of a darkened chamber, muffled up in shawls and buried in pillows, sat the tenacious old annuitant, whose ugly trick of living was keeping the Clanciarde's out of a tidy little income sorely needed, while adding a few unexpected plums to poor Charlie Osborne's not too luscious loaf.

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"Glad to see you, ma'am," said the old lady, coughing lugubriously.

"I am sorry you have such a cough," said tender-hearted Estelle, far more alive to passing things here than she was at her own home—far more interested in outside matters and persons than her husband had known her through all these unsatisfactory months.

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"I am sure of that," said Estelle, looking at Mary with her soft eyes full of love and the inner light of memory. "I remember how good you always were!"

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The woman read to the last line the face that looked into hers with such a passion of tender sorrow. She was one of those shrewd mental detectives who see clearly, because not blinded by fanciful theories of immaculate virtues and impossible crimes. To Mary Crosby all frailties were possible; and, unlike the delicate handling of Mrs. Clanciarde, she did not only lament the tattered condition of the phoenix bird's tail feathers—she did not believe in the phoenix bird at all. She took Estelle into the state drawing-room—the same room into which she had been taken on that former visit more than a year ago. And Mary saw how the young wife shuddered as the memory of that day came back on her mind.

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"If I don't make something of this," thought Mary, feeling like one tapping all round a cabinet to find the secret drawer with its hidden key. "I will go and see if Mrs. Latimer can see you, miss—Mrs. Harford," she then said, with a perceptible hesitation on the name. Why did she want to recall her unmarried state to Estelle? What ailed her, as the Scotch say, at her present condition as the wife of Mrs. Latimer's landlord? Had Estelle been in full possession of her natural mind she would have seen these ominous little threads, and would have feared them; but she was too pre-occupied to see anything but her own inner self or to be conscious of aught but her own sorrowful thoughts.

In a short time Mary came back. Yes, Mrs. Latimer was well enough to see her to-day. She was only poorly at the best of times, but she was in her better mood to-day—the Lord be thanked—for Mary Crosby was devoted as well as devoted—as good a Christian as she was an attached servant. On which Estelle accompanied Charlie's old nurse into the back room, where, sitting in the dim obscurity of a darkened chamber, muffled up in shawls and buried in pillows, sat the tenacious old annuitant, whose ugly trick of living was keeping the Clanciarde's out of a tidy little income sorely needed, while adding a few unexpected plums to poor Charlie Osborne's not too luscious loaf.

"This is Miss Clanciarde, ma'am, as was, Mrs. Harford as is," shouted Mary to the old lady. "She is that deaf," she added in a natural voice to Estelle.

"Glad to see you, ma'am," said the old lady, coughing lugubriously.

"I am sorry you have such a cough," said tender-hearted Estelle, far more alive to passing things here than she was at her own home—far more interested in outside matters and persons than her husband had known her through all these unsatisfactory months.

"Hey? what does she say?" asked Mrs. Latimer of Mary.

Mary repeated the phrase in her boatwain's voice, and Mrs. Latimer was made to hear.

"It is my grave-cough, my dear," she answered. "Your father will soon come into my little bit of money. I'm not long for this world, I can tell you, and the Lord will soon have mercy on my old bones."

"I hope not so bad as that," said Estelle, with genuine sympathy in response to the false appeal—as has been the way of the world ever since the serpent put on the child's face and looked at Eve from among the branches of the apple tree.

The old woman's keen black eyes twinkled.

"Lord love your dear innocent heart!" she said, and coughed more vigorously than before.

"Best not let her talk, Mrs. Harford," then interposed Mary. "Talking makes her cough so bad! And you see she is an old lady now and rambles a good deal. She has only half her senses, as a body might say. Blind and deaf, and sleeps away half her time and rambles on like waking the other half. She is bad to do with at times, is the poor old lady, and so I tell you. But I do my duty by her, miss, and shall to the end—your mother may be sure of that. I do my duty by her, and let her want for nothing."

"I am sure of that," said Estelle, looking at Mary with her soft eyes full of love and the inner light of memory. "I remember how good you always were!"

"To poor dear Master Charlie?"

"Yes," said Estelle, with a quiver in her voice.

"Ah, but then I loved him! Who would not?" said Mary. "He was the very bonniest little lad and the dearest young gentleman as ever wore shoes leather. I never knew his equal!"

"Nor I," said Estelle, with the frankness of despair.

There was no reason why she should not carry this incense of fidelity to that dear grave, why she should not keep his memory like a perfume in her heart.

"That was a queer start, that word of his death, was it not, Miss Estelle—Mrs. Harford, I mean?" asked Mary.

Estelle opened her eyes. They were full of tears.

"Why?" she asked in her turn. "What was there queer in it?"

"Why, did you not know?" said Mary, in surprise. "It was false news. He is not dead at all. The back-word came into the paper, let me see, the twenty-sixth of April, last year—yes, the twenty-sixth of April. And now this is August, a year gone, and we have heard no more about him."

Estelle started up from her place as if she had been struck. Her face was white and rigid; her eyes were dark and strained; her parted lips were as full of horror as a Greek tragic mask. She looked as if suddenly turned to stone, but with the slow, fiery heart of suffering within the marble body.

"The twenty-sixth of April—last year?" she said slowly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary. "I have it here."

She opened a drawer in the table and took out a Times newspaper.

"There," she said, pointing to the "agony column," "there is Master Charlie's own words."

Overcome, beside herself, like one distraught, Estelle read the words, which she carried to her lips with a low cry of mingled joy and pain, then fell prone on the floor as if she had been shot through the heart.

"Now the road's clear," said Mary, as she lifted her up and dashed cold water in her face. "It is as plain as daylight, and it was right. They've sold the poor young thing to this man Harford—far from Master Charlie as a wife as couldn't ought to have a bad day in store for Mr. Harford and the rest of them; and I reckon I've got pepper enough for them now if they come nosing about us."

"My word, Mary, but you are bold!" said Mrs. Latimer, as she had so often said before. Her admiration of the younger woman's cleverness

and audacity increased rather than diminished with each fresh manifestation.

"What I put my hand to I don't turn back from," said Mary sentimentally, as she still busied herself about Estelle.

At last the poor girl came out of her swoon and re-entered the thorny path of consciousness. She could not now, if even she would, deny the conclusion she had involuntarily made. Nature had forced her secret from her, and the torn veil could not be replaced. Mary knew her heart, and so far held her in the hollow of her hand. But she did not think of this in the light of danger to herself. She thought only of the woman's sympathy, so certain because of her own love for Charlie. She would be pitiful to her—understanding how another should also love him, even though that other were now a wife and mother. And she would be some one to whom she, Estelle, could come and talk without fear or stint. Whenever there was a freedom she would come over to High-street and talk to Mary Crosby of Charlie—Charlie the child whom she had nursed—Charlie, the man whom Estelle still loved. But the black wickedness of those who should have been her best friends—the cruelty of those who should have cared for her and protected her! She saw it all, as clearly as she saw the words themselves. Her mother had inserted the lie of Charlie's death that the way might be free for Anthony. The marriage had been hastened on with such indecent hurry that the contradiction might not arise meanwhile. It had come on the very day, and she had been kept from her. At the altar itself she would have turned back and refused to become Anthony's wife had she known that Charlie was still alive. Hoodwinked, betrayed, entrapped, what faith did she owe to any of them? What right had they to her life? None! From this moment she felt herself essentially free. The past had come before the present, and her very child had not the claim that Charlie Osborne had.

strength and power was outside present conditions. Therefore, by the afternoon he had his portmanteau packed, and was off to Thorbergh to question Mary Crosby, whose name had got so strangely mixed up in his affairs, and learn, if he could, from her the meaning of this mysterious summons.

The next day, as early as was practicable, Charlie found the house where Mrs. Latimer lived in such strict seclusion, and was welcomed by Mary with shrill exclamations of wonderment and delight. She had never expected to see him again, she said, with the familiarity of old affection, holding his hand in one of hers while she laid the other on his shoulder. When she had seen his death in the paper she had been that grief she could not say. She had put black weeds till she had seen the contradiction, and then she felt as if she must have danced in white! She did not look, however, to see him again. How should she? What did he know of her, nor where she was, nor how she was doing, nor ought about her anyhow? No; she did not expect to see him this side of the grave, and she had put all her hope and trust into meeting him in heaven; and then she wiped her eyes with her apron, as servants do, and Charlie felt his heart go out to this hard-featured woman who had been his nurse and who certainly had done her duty by him when he had had to do.

He went into the cold, dimly lit best drawing-room, and there began his cross-examination. He showed Mary the letter he had received, and asked her what she knew about it?

"Nay, what," she said in answer, "I know nothing at all! If it were the last word I had to speak I'd say it with my dying breath. I know nothing about it anyway."

"But what have you to tell me?" he asked again.

"That's what I'm sure of," said Mary. "That just's what I'm sure of, Master Charlie."

Charlie thought for an instant before speaking. His eyes were turned to the floor; Mary's were on his face.

"Do you remember Miss Clanciarde?" he then asked, with a certain reluctance. He did not like to bring her name into the vulgar light of a servant's quasi-confession.

"Mrs. Harford as is?" she returned. "Yes, I know her well. Mr. Harford is the landlord of all this lot. He is Mrs. Latimer's landlord, and Mrs. Harford sometimes changes as eloquently as Estelle."

Poor Charlie's face changed as he continued his questioning. He covered his eyes with his hand. The mystery deepened, but the glory that shone through its darkness blinded him. Could it have been she herself who had sent the letter? But no! the handwriting was familiar. It was connected with those sporadic supplies, and these were not connected with her. No. It was not Estelle who had summoned him, and not Mary Crosby. Who, in heaven's name, could it be?

"Mrs. Harford was here only the other day," continued Mary in an indifferent voice. "She had heard of you being alive, Master Charlie, as I am glad to see. She had not heard of it till I informed to tell her."

"No!" said Charlie with a shout. "And then?"

"Well, you see, sir, the shock was almost too much for her," continued Mary. "She is in poor health, poor young lady, and looks white and thin—as white and thin as yourself, Master Charlie. And when I showed her the paper, why she just shrieked and fainted, even end on the floor. You were always like brother and sister, I remember, so she was bound to be upset—and I should have remembered me in time."

Charlie got up and walked to the window. His heart was beating wildly, his eyes were dim, his head was dizzy. She loved him, then—loved him now as much as ever; and her marriage had been, as he had always believed—forgetting the baser whisperings of his angry suspicions—a forced marriage founded on a lie. She was faithful to him still. Dear, sweet, loving and beloved Estelle—faithful, faithful for life and to death—as he to her!

And now, what was to be done? He was here, and she was not an hour's walk apart. He was in the very room of which she had breathed the air only so short a time ago. He seemed to feel the fragrance of the flowers she had worn, to see the glory of the light she had brought with her. He was in her neighbourhood, close to her. A turn in the road and they might meet. All Thorbergh was filled with her potential presence, and Charlie felt as if he should not be able to rest nor sleep nor shelter in the house. He should lose the chance of meeting her. He was here, and she was not an hour's walk apart; and yet, were they not separated as completely as the impassable mountains and the unharvested fields between them? They were, in fact, further apart than when he had been sick with fever in Yokohama, and she had been free and unfettered at Kingshouse.

But they must meet. He must see her, cost what it might. He owed nothing to the man who had robbed him of her, nothing to the society, the superstition, which sanctioned this sacrilege and called it sacred. He owed himself only to her, to the memory of her, to the charge of indifference, or of coldness, or of wrongdoing anyhow. He owed himself only to her.

He stood in the prim, set parlour of the house where he had thought to find the heart of the mystery, but had not, his brain seething and his blood boiling, while Mary watched him, and felt as a chess-player feels when he has made a move which protects his threatened king so that no attack can stand.

"Does Mrs. Harford often come here?" then asked Charlie when he came back to himself as far as to remember that he owed something to appearance, and that Mary Crosby was not in his confidence.

"Not often, sir. Only when Mr. Harford is away," was the answer. "I fancy he keeps her pretty tight," she added, as a compassionate coda or afterthought.

"Brute!" said Charlie with a groan.

"A little that way, I think," said Mary with a sigh.

Charlie clenched his hands. If he could but have used them as battering rams to pound the life out of that scoundrel!

"When was she last here?" he asked.

"Let me see—this Friday. Last Monday—no, last Tuesday, I will not be here again."

"Not unless Mr. Harford leaves home for the day. Then maybe she will slip over here to have a talk of old times," said Mary. "She seems to look back a great deal," she added. "Ladies mostly do when they are not well suited."

"I should like to see her again," said Charlie, after a pause.

"Why not call, Master Charlie?" Mary asked innocently. "I am certain sure she would be fair to see you. She is of the kind to love her own, and you are her own—like her very brother, as you might say."

"I do not know Mr. Harford, and I would not care to call at his place," said Charlie a little reluctantly. He was unfolding his heart more than he cared, and yet he could not keep it closed.

"No, I see," said Mary, as demure as he was reluctant.

"Perhaps I shall meet her," then said Charlie, moving towards the door. "I should like to see her."

"Yes, you'll be sure to meet her," returned Mary cheerfully. "Mr. Harford drives here a good many about the country. You'll be main sure to meet them."

"Confound and curse Mr. Harford!" cried Charlie beside himself. "For God's sake, Mary, spare me his name!"

"All right, sir. I have no particular affection for him myself," he was answered. "All the same, Miss Estelle is his wife, you see, Master Charlie, and a wife is bound to follow her husband's lead."

"I will write his neck!" cried Charlie.

Mary looked at him as she had in other times when he was angry and had to be spanked.

"Oh, so! Master Charlie," she said, in just the

old tone of reproof. "What has the poor gentleman done to you, I should like to know?"

What no gentleman would have done—what a cur like him deserves hanging for!—shouted Charlie. "He has taken the woman I love and who loves me—and he has taken her by a lie—and he knew it!"

Mary's face took on its natural hardness, curves and lines of the softest sympathy.

"I am sorry! Oh, my, I am that sorry!" she said, her apron to her eyes, and her womanly sob quite audible. After a time she seemed to compose herself. "Master Charlie," she said, with the straightness of a sudden thought, "why do you not come here to stay, rather than to the hotel? There is plenty of room here, and I could do for you fine. Why not stay as long as you liked in Thorbergh, and no one be a penny the worse or wiser. We live that quiet, no one sees or knows what passes here. You, and even more than you, could have the best bed-room and this parlour, and you'd be as safe as if you were in a church. If you'd like it, Master Charlie, think of it. You'll find me as good as my word."

"God bless you, Mary! my dear good Mary!" was the poor young fellow's reply, as impulsively he put his arm round her waist and kissed her as in his boyish days.

Some vague feeling that this offer might serve him in good stead filled his heart with hope and light. He did not know what he thought—he did not formulate nor arrange his feelings into words—but he felt that he had a hiding-place if he wanted it. And perhaps he might.

With another burst of thanks to this servant of the tough old annuitant, he promised to bring his portmanteau that evening at dark—to bring it himself, no one knowing where he went; and then he left the house and took the road up High-street, with full directions from Mary where to find the mark and grounds of Thrift.

More mad than sane Charlie walked on with but one hope, one desire, one intention. He would see her again. The mystery of his summons ceased to interest him. The source whence those pleasant little golden showers fell on him also ceased to interest him. He forgot Mary and all that life contained, save that one lode-star of his love—that glorious and beloved Estelle. He would see her again. He would hear from her own lips the story of her sorrow and their sin. He would hold her in his arms and clasp her to his heart. She was his. She was not this man's—this border ruffian, this gambler, this horse-stealer, this rude, rough miner with one hand on his revolver and the other on a secreted card. There was not one of all the ruffians extant—from Jim Bludso to Jack Oakhurst—to whom Charlie did not mentally liken Anthony Harford—the man who had stolen Estelle from him, and was breaking his own heart because he could not win her.

Always in this turmoil of tempestuous sorrow and longing Charlie went through the leafy lane till he came to a narrow opening between two uprights which led into a park. He passed through and walked on, knowing well enough where he was. He went on and on, walking always more rapidly, till he came to the gate of the private gardens surrounding a stately mansion, with an upper terrace leading down by a double flight of steps into the lower grounds. On this upper terrace stood a woman, dressed for walking. She was alone. Charlie came up the drive till he was near enough to see the face and figure clearly. It was Estelle—looking far away over the gardens and the park to the distant Beyond—there, where Charlie Osborne was somewhere to be found. She was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to see the man walking in the shadow of the trees towards the house. He came close under the terrace wall, and then he called her by her name. She heard him, and bent over the parapet above, as one who had expected him—as one who had been waiting for this moment.

"Estelle!" he said. "My darling! My beloved!"

With the old light eager tread—the old suggestion of a bird running to its nest—she came down the steps and into the shadow of the wall, where, forgetting husband, child, her name of wife, her fair fame, and all the present save that she was his, she flung herself into her old lover's arms, and sobbed out her soul on his lips.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XIX.
LIKE A BIRD TO ITS NEST.

Charlie, still lingering at Kingshouse, took that strange pleasure so much indulged in by the sorrowful of adding to his miseries of mind by physical means in his power. He went over all the old walks and lived again in the past delusive pleasures. He was never weary of handling the skeleton and making it dance like one of Holbein's Deaths; of uncovering the grave and looking at the face of the corpse; of turning the knife in his wound. He was indefatigable in self-torture; and being already in weak bodily health, he made himself worse by all this unnecessary mental fever and fretting. Every one pitied him, so pale and hollow-eyed, so gaunt and sad as he was; and every one proposed a special charge of rest beneath the peaceful sods of the churchyard.

Even Mrs. Clanciarde found a compassionate corner in her heart for the enemy whom she had now disabled. She wished that she could have secured her own release from debt and Estelle's sufficient establishment by less painful methods than her daughter's life-long misery and Charlie Osborne's threatened dissolution. It was very sad; but then people are so headstrong and unreasonable, and will not see things as they are not at all rationally! What business had

CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMICS.

(From Moonshine.)

Mr. Cunningham Graham, Dr. Clarke, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Conybear, Mr. Bant—these are the latest celebrities on exhibition in Trafalgar-square. They really ought to stop it. We cannot keep up Trafalgar-square if we are to go on with Madame Tussaud's.

Russia is said, once more, to have designs upon Herat. But is that all? It seems to us that, from one end of the world to the other, Russia has designs upon other people's property. In fact, she is taking Herat all round.

Mrs. Gladstone has headed an address of sympathy with Ireland under present difficulties. It is all very well for Mrs. Gladstone to talk of sympathy with Ireland. But why on earth, if she means it, does she not make the Old Man leave Ireland alone?

Prebendary Billing, like a sensible man, attributes a good deal of our own industrial distress to the unrestricted immigration of foreign paupers. Why there should not be a poll tax to keep them off, instead of a poor rate to maintain their victims here, we shall all be asking ourselves when we get angry. But we are long-suffering in our charity. It takes a lot of foreign paupers to "work" up.

ENGLAND DEFENCELESS.

(Mr. Bull Lequidier.)

I don't want to fight,
But by Jingo if I do,
I am in a woful plight,
If what I read is true.
And I cannot understand,
When I see the money go,
How my dear native land
Is not safe from a foe.

I was proud to see my sons
Going forth as Volunteers;
Of my big breech-loading guns,
Prowling grandly in their tiers;
My iron-clads I thought,
At a pinch, would ever be
A match for navies brought
From every other sea.

And now I'm coolly told,
If an invader came,
That England could not hold
Her own. It is a shame!
But you can't believe one half
Of what the papers say.
It is bluster, bounce, and chaff,
That makes the dailies pay.

(From Punch.)

CHANNEL BRIDGE TALK. (From the Conversation Book of the Distant Future.)—It quite surprises me to hear that a second-class ticket across the bridge costs £9 17s. Dear me! And even at that rate is the company able to pay the original 12 per cent. debenture holders only 1 per cent. per annum on the £400,000 they have sunk in the undertaking? I almost wish I had determined to cross from Dover to Calais in the halfpenny boat. Certainly the wind is very strong at this elevation above the surface of the sea. That four-wheeler that is ahead of us can scarcely cross the bridge safely in this hurricane. Ah! I thought so! There it goes, horse and all, plump into the middle of the Channel! Why, I do believe that ironclad has run into the piles of the pier we have just passed, and has knocked it over. Good gracious! is it really a fact that the tornado has carried away the three arches just in front of us, bodily? It is very hard to be fixed here in the middle of the Channel, unable either to go forward or to retreat one's steps. I am beginning, in the present situation, to realise the utility of the "places of refuge, watchhouses, and alarm bells," referred to in the original prospectus. I really do not think I can climb down the 160 feet of iron network to reach the boat that has come to take us off. It is to be devoutly hoped that this rope will not break before I get to the bottom. Thank goodness, I am safe on shore once again, and am well off the Channel Bridge.

THE LATTER NOVELTY IN PETS.—Uncle Joseph (just home from India): Tell me, Laura, who's that beautiful lady walking with young Prince Paul of Gerolstein? Some grand duchess, I suppose, from the homage they're all paying to her!—Fair Enthusiast: Oh, no, it's Miss Cordelia P. Van Sornp, the American siffluse. She whistles "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fast," quite divinely—with fourteen original variations. Oh, you should hear her, Uncle Joseph.

RETIREMENT.—First Coster (in trap): We shall see you at the annual meeting of the B.B. Bill's Second Dittos. No; the times aren't propitious. "Arry (shaking his head). No. W! Goschen a redoubt the old woman's marriage settlement, and bit o' money in Consols, an' the extras on champagne—not to say as the smoke might afterwards be charged as a pleasure—'orse—an' the wheel-tax, an' one thing an' another—it don't run to it, my boy! Retires ruefully.

(From Fun.)

Last week the member for Nomanaland went down to address a meeting of his constituents, but happening to catch an earlier train than he expected, there was no one to meet him, and he wandered into the Railway Hotel and ordered a glass of sherry and a sandwich. When he left the coffee-room a customer exclaimed to the landlady, "Why, that's Mr. —, our member." "Good heavens! you don't mean it!" cried the surprised landlady. "I wish I'd known it." "Oh, that's all right," answered the other; "he's a good fellow. He won't mind me saying so, but I do!" responded the disgusted burglar. "Fancy my being the borough member in my house for a quarter of an hour and then letting him off for a shilling!"

A few days ago an elephant was taken into custody by the City police, and it was stated at the time that it was "run in" for being found wandering about the City without any visible means of support. But this was manifestly incorrect, for nobody who has ever seen an elephant, and noticed the size of its legs, could ever make such an assertion.

It is one of the facts that most people are unacquainted with, that it is never of any use for a young unmarried woman to inquire her way, for no matter whom she applies to, she is sure to be misdirected.

"I find I always have a lump in my throat before I begin speaking," observed a novice to a well-known orator. "What is the best thing to do under the circumstances?" "Swallow it, my boy! Swallow it!" was the reply. "We most of us swallow something before we begin speaking."

(From Judy.)

A BLESSED BUDGET.—There was once a Minister who put a tax of 6s. a dozen on wheeled vehicles. The wine merchants, dealers in the volatile and effervescent gooseberry, anathematized him; and sporting swells cursed him with the curse of curses, and the retired-from-business suburban brongham owner did worse than ditto. Then the Minister arose and said, "In future I shall tax only the curses, not the luxuries of civilisation. I for wheeled vehicles shall put 21 on every perambulator. Then countless old gentlemen, who had been upset by twigs and single infants, blessed that Minister. "I shall put a poll tax of 45 a year on every brass itinerant musician, professional or otherwise." Then the Teuton bands and the Salvation Army troupes were silenced, and every one wept for joy. "I shall put a tax, too, of 450 on every sermon lasting longer than half an hour." And there was joy throughout the camps of the suburbs. And every one blessed that Minister, and they erected a statue to him, and what's more, he deserved it.

BUTTONS NEVER, NEVER.—"Is it not a scandal," cried the tall man with the Sunday paper, bringing his fist down on the counter with a bang that made the glasses and pewters protest with an indignant clatter, "is it not infamous, I say, that we—freeborn

Britons—should be treated in this high-handed manner? Are our liberties to be trodden down, our commerce to be cramped and crippled, to please an envious, bloated, and bigoted Legislature? What right have our so-called law-makers to say to the poor man, 'Thou shalt not save?' 'But you haven't told us what's upset you, old man.' 'Listen to this, then, and learn what you are condemned to suffer from the governing classes. There is a law still extant against any subject possessing more than fourteen millions sterling? Who dictates to us how many millions I shall accumulate? Who—Quarter to three, by Jove! (Whispering) Say, old fellow, lend us two d. for another drink. I'm stone-broke."

FEMININE LOGIC.—She: You must come down and see us in the country, Mr. Robinson. We are going in for farming on a small scale. We find pigs pay ever so well; after paying for their keep there's quite a big profit.—He: But then there's the cost of the pig to begin with, isn't there?—She: Why, how stupid you are! One must have the pig, of course.

(From Funny Folks.)

RICH RICHARD'S ALMANACK.—Axioms & la Mode.—Deeds are better than "words"—as the coterie observed when he settled the quarrel by whacking his wife. Never count your chickens till they're out of the patent incubator. Of two evils, choose the least. (Maxim for the diner who has the pick of two dishes he dislikes.) It is good to begin well, but better to strike water. Time is the most precious of all possessions—as the thief said when he appropriated the other gentleman's Waterbury. Bud's. (The pious Hindoo's proverb.) The proof of the "padding-head" is in the thinking. To frighten a fowl is not the way to catch it. (A mistake. To frighten a fowl is the way to "catch it," if you happen to be an urchin with a stern parent who prides himself on his prize poultry.)

A Derby "Moral"—Keep away from it. Racy Wit—Derby chaff.

Derby Imbecility.—For people to "back" the horses they think and hope will be in front. The Scotchman in London who said he'd "never seen a 'war' scare than the present one," was probably fatter than he had any notion of being. A Swabian's Den—The hot room at a Turkish bath.

Sporting Notice.—A Running Account: A pedestrian report.

The Sort of Horse to "Put Something On"—A barebacked one.

Paradoxical Derby Certainty.—That the horse which "takes the most beating" won't be beaten. A Bird-din Too Grievous to be Borne.—The screaming of a semi-civilised cockatoo.

(From Ally Sloper.)

"Pa, what is the meaning of a raw soldier?" interrogated the little boy Sharpshins. "It is one who has never been exposed to the fire, my dear," replied his parent. "Oh, I see," said little boy Sharpshins. "Not cooked?" "Not cooked," thought "Then I suppose the blue soldiers are the raw ones, and the red those who have been cooked."—Mr. Sharpshins clears out muttering, "Chip of the old block."

"Please, sir," said a country boy, "can you tell me if there be any fowls run 'ere?" "Yes, my boy," answered a gentleman. "What do you wish to know for?" "Whoy, fether sed that Lunnun was thur place where the cock neighe, and Oi wanted to hear 'im," observed the country boy.

"I wonder why a woman was made out of a rib instead of a leg, or an arm, or any other part of the body?" murmured Tootles, contentedly. "The reason," said the Dook Snook, "was because the rib is the most crooked portion of a man's anatomy."

"What is the secondary formation?" said a schoolmaster. "Woman," replied a youth, shortly. "Fool! what do you mean?" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Why, Adam was made first, and then came Eve," answered the youth.

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE.

Live in the sunshine,
Groped not in the shade
That falsehood, and sham,
And scheming have made.

Live in the light-lads,
Of deeds that are kind,
Of words that are honest,
And a clear mind.

Live in the sunshine,
Where birds sing in glee,
Where sunlight is breaking,
O'er land, O'er sea.

Live right in the light,
That wherever you go,
Those living in shadow,
Your sunshine may know.

Bring the bright sunlight,
Where care has its reign
And pour out its healing
O'er forms racked with pain.

Flight shy of the shade, lads,
And cling to the light,
A heart that fears sunshine
Can never feel right.

FRED A. WHITEHEAD.

DEATH THE DAY AFTER MARRIAGE.

At Dalston Police Court, James Anderson, 24, a porter, was charged before Mr. Horace Smith with causing the death of Walter Moysey, while engaged in a fight.—Edward Baldwin, butcher, of 45, Regent's-row, said between eleven and twelve on Monday night he was sitting at his street door smoking. He saw the deceased and the prisoner come out of the house, No. 34, and scuffle together. He thought they were "larking." The scuffle did not last more than two minutes, and the deceased suddenly reeled against the railing and fell to the ground. The witness went to his assistance, but he lay quite still and motionless. The prisoner said, "We are all brothers and sisters. It is all right." The deceased was then carried into the house. The witness saw no blow struck. The prisoner had his coat off, but the deceased had not.—By the Magistrate: No one was holding the coat.—By Mr. Timbrell: No violence was used as far as witness saw.—Inspector Cockerell here remarked that at the time the witness said the men were fighting.—Baldwin: I said I saw them wrestling. I saw no violence.—Mr. R. W. Humphreys, a surgeon, of Mare-street, Hackney, said there were no marks of violence, but in the absence of a post mortem examination witness was unable to state the cause of death.—Constable Godfrey, 365 J, said that at midnight he was called to the house. Deceased was lying in the passage, and from what others said witness took prisoner into custody. Several persons in the prisoner's presence said that the dead man had been fighting. The prisoner denied this and said that the deceased was having some words with his wife outside. He (prisoner) told them not to fall out on the day after their wedding (they only having been married on Sunday), and the deceased then fell down and clutched at his wife's knees. The prisoner made the same statement at the police station, and when charged he seemed perfectly sober.—Inspector Cockerell, who was on duty at the Dalston Police Station when the witness was charged, said the prisoner made the following statement:—

"We were old schoolmates. He (the deceased) was married on Monday, and I attended the wedding. Yesterday he came to see me, and I returned the visit. We had been to a public-house and had some drink. We returned home and went inside. I heard the deceased and his wife having some words, and I went out to speak to them. The deceased said, 'Mind your own business, and don't interfere with mine.' I did not strike him.—Mr. Smith remarked that there could not have been anything in the nature of a serious fight, as there were no marks of violence. He should remind the prisoner on his own behalf for one week. At the inquest held on Thursday the medical evidence showed that death was due to syncope caused by failure of the heart's action, probably caused by great excitement while in a slight state of alcoholism.—The jury returned a verdict that the deceased died from syncope brought on by excitement.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From St. Stephen's Review.)

King Oscar of Sweden has taken a very great liking to his new daughter-in-law, Prince Oscar's wife, and as a special mark of distinction he has lately presented her with the cross of the Swedish Royal Family Order. Hitherto no daughter-in-law of any King of Sweden has received this cross, it having only been given to Royal princesses.

The ex-Queen of Spain, who intends to favour us this year with her first visit to England, is at present living very comfortably in Paris. Her Majesty keeps up no house of her own, but always resides in an hotel. She is, however, remarkable for her extravagance, and although her annual income amounts to about £200,000 she is yet constantly in debt. It was to pay her bills that she had recently to sell some of her horses. She is particularly fond of riding, and keeps up a large stable. It has been suggested that the ex-Queen should postpone her visit to London till next year, when it is intended to have a Spanish Exhibition at Earl's Court in the same building in which the Italian Exhibition is at present being held.

Here is a piece of lobby gossip from the Scotsman too good to be lost. On a certain evening not long ago, one of Mr. Parnell's most devoted lieutenants, acting in accordance with commands from headquarters, entertained the House with a lengthy string of vituperative adjectives. On concluding what he called his speech, he met his leader in the lobby, and exultantly exclaimed, "Did I do that well, Parnell?" Drawing himself up to what A. Ward would have called his "full height," the chief responded, "Mistur Parnell, sur!"

I believe that the Government are fully cognisant of the fact that the financial difficulties of the

Porte are daily becoming more pressing, and, indeed, it is known that the Turkish exchequer has never been so completely drained as it is at the present moment. In proof of this assertion it is mentioned that the caravan of pilgrims which every year without fail leaves Constantinople for Mecca at a certain date did not this month start punctually, but was four days behind time, solely in consequence of the fact that the Grand Vizier could not anyhow scrape together the fund provided by the Sultan to defray the expenses of the Mussulmans who make the journey. The sum required was only a few hundred pounds, but it seems that financial matters have come to such a pass that even this small amount could not be raised without virtually pawing some valuable portable property belonging to his Majesty's palace.

(From Life.)

It is rumoured that her Majesty, with that thoughtfulness and consideration that she has always shown to her subjects, is about to permit certain modifications in the Court dress at the drawing-rooms—when such functions are held in winter weather. Hitherto a medical certificate has been necessary to allow any one to appear in any thing but a décolleté dress in the Royal presence. We shall hope to give more minute particulars shortly.

"Prince's," which was one of the most popular clubs in the whole of London before the Cadogan leases fell in and the new red brick Post-street region was created on its former site, is to be revived in a modified form, and is to find a new home in the vacant piece of ground between Hyde Park Barracks and Tattersall's. Raquets, tennis, and Turkish baths are to be the principal features, for there is no space for lawn-tennis, and cricket is, of course, impossible. The situation is an excellent one, and the need of a racket court in some central situation has long been felt, so that the revived club ought to start under favourable auspices. A very strong committee has been formed including Lord Brassey, Lord Churchill, Lord Arthur Butler, Lord Omundale, Lord Throsley, General Frederick Marshall, and Admiral Maxse, and the presidency has been offered to and accepted by Sir William Hart-Dyke.

On 17th Henry Irving, after defraying all the expenses connected with his recent tour in America, returned home with a net profit of £20,000. This sum represents something like £800 per annum judiciously invested, which may be considered as a very fair result for a few months of work and speculation. But I expect that Mr. Irving would reply to any one who considered that the profits were out of proportion to the time and labour expended, pretty much as Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported to have done to a client who complained of the price charged for a portrait for which he had sat about three times. "My dear sir, you are not paying me for these sittings, but for thirty years' experience."

(From the World.)

A new wing has been added to Balmoral during the spring, so that in future there will be ample accommodation for the Royal family and the household and the Minister in attendance during the autumn sojourn, where hitherto things have been exceedingly uncomfortable for want of adequate room. A great deal of decorative work has been carried out in the castle, and some new pictures have been hung which were sent down from Windsor. The Queen's chapel in Ballochbuie Forest has been considerably enlarged, so that it is now nearly as big as the Glasalt Shiel.

The Duke of Augustenburg, who is the only brother of the German Crown Princess, and nephew of Prince Christian, has arrived at Naples from Egypt and India, and he is staying at the Hotel Vesuvius, where he has taken the rooms which the King of Sweden occupied during his six days' stay at Naples, in which time his Majesty managed to "do" every sight in or near the city, including excursions to Lake Fusine, Capri, Sorrento, and Amalfi, an ascent of Mount Vesuvius, an excavation at Pompeii, and a naval review in the bay.

Sir Gerald Graham, who was promoted as a supernumerary for distinguished service during the first expedition to the Sudan in 1894, has been brought on to the establishment of lieutenant-generals to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Sir Lethian Nicholson. As General Galloway has to retire shortly for one, General Graham will be the first lieutenant-general of Royal Engineers for promotion to general's rank.

The list of major-generals just below Major-general W. D. Lennox, V.C., now senior of that rank. It will be seen, therefore, that his special advancement has been to him of considerable advantage, though it has brought him no regular employment up to now.

The expense of maintenance has hitherto prevented the formation of Volunteer field batteries, although successive Governments have been often approached on the subject. There is no doubt that the wealthy H.A.C. must inevitably submit to many important changes in its charter. It is even rumoured that if the projected modifications are carried out the Duke of Portland may withdraw his resignation. An inquiry into the whole matter has been going on for some time at Marlborough House, but no decision has as yet been arrived at. Meanwhile, it has occurred to some of the members who wish to be useful as well as ornamental that a golden opportunity has suddenly presented itself to the ancient but much-perturbed corps. Why not abolish the six companies of infantry, who have hitherto been periodically ridiculous by imitating the Guards in everything except efficiency, and form in their place three effective field batteries in addition to the one already in existence. A scheme to this effect has been presented to the captain-general, and it is strongly supported by those who desire to see the H.A.C. justify its high-sounding designation.

(From Truth.)

A wonderful story is related by one of the papers illustrating the Queen's fondness for pearls, and it describes her as "purchasing whole strings of these jewels." It is all pure fiction, as her Majesty has no predilection for pearls, and she never buys any jewellery whatever, unless she wants some particular article which is to be a birthday or wedding present.

A new organ is about to be placed in the private apartments of Windsor Castle, which will serve

both for the services in the Queen's Chapel and for concerts in St. George's Hall. There will be a double set of keys—the one in the organ-loft of the chapel and the other in the gallery of the hall. A large sum was spent only a few years ago in overhauling and improving the old organ; but it is apparently worn out, and the Queen has consented to buy a new one, which is to be a splendid instrument—much to the satisfaction of Mr. Parrott, who is indebted for the change to Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, as their representations induced her Majesty to sanction the purchase.

Princess Alexandra of Greece, who has been talked of as a likely wife for Prince Albert Victor or for the Czarowitch, is to return to her first love, as I hear that Queen Olga goes shortly to St. Petersburg for the purpose of having her daughter betrothed to the Grand Duke Paul, the youngest brother of the Emperor of Russia. The betrothal of this couple was arranged two years ago, but when the Grand Duke went to Athens to visit the parents of his future wife, he was guilty of such gross misconduct that they abruptly broke off the match. Paul is a regular Tartar savage, and has thrown back to his great grandfather, the Emperor Paul, the crazy tyrant who was strangled in his palace at St. Petersburg.

Lady Dudley was down at Newmarket last week, staying with Lady Cadogan. Her son comes of age in a few days, and she will then be relieved of the weighty business of managing the Dudley estates, as for more than three years she has been not only his guardian, but also sole trustee for the vast property which was entailed nearly sixty years ago by the celebrated Lord Dudley, and which will now be resettled. The Witely estate, which was bought from the late Lord Foley, in 1839, for £900,000, is included in this settlement. Lady Dudley has been assisted by Lord Wharncliffe in the management of the mining property, which has always been the backbone of the Ward wealth.

SHOCKING MURDER IN SOMERS TOWN.

Charles Latham, 30, labourer, was charged before Mr. Bros, at Clerkenwell Police Court, with the wilful murder of Mary Newman, by cutting her throat with a knife, at 53, Drummond Crescent, Somers Town, under circumstances reported in last Sunday's edition of the People.—Elizabeth Leigh, the wife of Walter Leigh, a cab-driver, said that the prisoner lived with Mary Newman. On Saturday evening, about seven, she found Mary Newman on the neck, crying in the passage. She spoke to her, and then ran down to Newman's room. On opening the door, she saw the prisoner kneeling on the woman, who was on the bed. She called out, "Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Leigh, he is killing me." She shouted, "Oh, you murdering villain; you are killing her," caught hold of him by his collar and tried to pull him off. He looked very wild at her but did not speak. He had something small in his hand, with which he was striking Mrs. Newman on the neck, but she could not see what it was. Her neck was bleeding. Being unable to pull him from her, she rushed upstairs and called Mr. Butcher, and another man who was there. She did not think the prisoner understood what she meant.—Prisoner: That home belongs to me. My sister told me when I came out of prison. She knows she did.—The witness said that was not so; Mrs. Newman took the room.—Dr. John Murray Llewellyn said that he was called to 33, Drummond Crescent, at about a quarter to eight on the evening of the 19th inst. In the parlour he found a woman being supported on a chair, smothered with blood. He saw she had several wounds, some incised and some punctured, on the right side of the throat. He bandaged the wounds, sent for a cab, and had her conveyed at once to University College Hospital. He did not see the prisoner.—Police-constable George Batten, 25 Y R, said that he was called to the Coffee House public-house, and there saw the prisoner coming out in the custody of another constable. He took the woman in a cab to the hospital, and she expired about ten minutes after he had seen her.—The prisoner, who maintained a stolid demeanour throughout, was remanded till the 29th inst.

Inquest and Verdict.

Dr. George Danford Thomas held an inquest on the body on Wednesday.—Margaret Newman deposed that the deceased was her mother. She was the widow of John Newman, a carman. The witness visited her occasionally. She lived with a man named Charles Latham. She could not say if he lived on amicable terms.—Elizabeth Leigh, landlady at 53, Drummond Crescent, stated that the deceased had occupied the apartment with her for five months. She was an industrious woman, and had two children, aged 13 and 7. Soon after she came Charles Latham came to live with her. He would frequently quarrel with the deceased and beat her. The witness had to get him ejected from the house, and he was sent to the infirmary. On Wednesday, the 19th inst., he again turned up at the house, and the deceased seemed to say a dialike to admit him. Soon after eight o'clock on the 19th inst. Latham forced his way into the deceased's room. A little later the witness heard one of the children crying in the passage, and heard terrible groans proceeding from the deceased's room. The witness went in, and saw Mrs. Newman on the bed, with Latham kneeling upon her. The deceased said, "Mrs. Leigh, he is killing me." Latham was holding something in his left hand, and digging it into her neck. The witness said, "You murdering villain, you are killing her!" She could not pull Latham off the deceased, and the witness then ran upstairs for Mr. Butcher. She afterwards called the police, for Mr. Butcher to the coroner, the witness stated that she had heard Latham on more than one occasion.

Threaten to Kill the Deceased.

She thought he suffered from delusions.—Joseph Butcher, a decorator, deposed that he occupied the front parlour at the house referred to. Latham was at times delirious from the effects of drink, and in the witness's opinion he was not a proper person to be at large. It was the drink that had done it. On entering the kitchen when called on the 19th inst., the witness found Latham on the top of the deceased "digging" with something at her throat. The witness and a friend named Mumford got hold of Latham, collar and pulled him off. Latham said nothing, but walked deliberately out of the house. The deceased said, "I know he has killed me." Her wounds were afterwards bound up with a cloth, and she was removed to the hospital.—By the Coroner: The witness had seen Latham since he came out of the infirmary, about fourteen days ago, and he thought he had "the same wild look" as when he went in. The witness had refused to let Latham come into the house.—Police-constable George Batten, 25 Y R, stated that he took the deceased to the University College Hospital, where she died ten minutes after admission.—Police-constable John Reilly deposed to arresting Latham at a coffee-house, and he remarked, "For cutting my wife's throat with a razor, I suppose."—Inspector Palmer stated that Latham made a long statement at the station, in which he charged the deceased with being unfaithful to him.—Dr. J. M. Llewellyn, 32, Chilton-street, deposed that the deceased had seven or eight wounds in the throat, one of which had cut through the jugular vein. Death was due to syncope and hemorrhage from wounds in the throat.

The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Charles Latham.

How Mr. W. Cotterill, a Dover chemist, came by his death is a mystery. His body was found in a wood near the town. Beyond a discolouration of the chest, supposed to have been caused by suffocation, nothing was found to throw any light on the mysterious affair.

THE GARDEN.

[WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE."] Window Decoration.

Filling the window boxes with summer flowers is everywhere now receiving attention. Those who can afford it may go for expensive boxes of any artistic pattern that attracts their attention. Fine feathers make fine birds, but fine boxes do not always ensure the satisfactory growth of the plants. Still, neat or artistic receptacles for the flowers are always desirable if one can afford the expense, but they are by no means necessary for the welfare of the plants. One of the most effective boxes I saw last year was on the window sill of a poor-looking cottage in a back street in a country town. The box had been bought from the grocer for about 3d. or 4d. A little paint had been smudged over it to preserve the wood. It was then filled with soil and sown with nasturtiums. The whole cost of the box as I saw it in the window, overflowing with growth and blossoms (for the nasturtiums had completely hidden the box, and were hanging down below), was about 8d. I mention this to show that the poorest man, without much self-denial, make their windows as pretty as the rich, and the nasturtiums will thrive pretty well in the smoke, better than most things. For window boxes of a better class there are more expensive plants. The silver-leaved pelargoniums, with a small fuchsia or two dropped in at intervals, with blue lobelias mixed in with the white leaves along the front, with an edging of some trailing plant, such as the creeping Jenny or Sedum carnea variegatum is extremely pretty. Another way is to plant the back of the box with scarlet pelargoniums and white stocks alternately, and fill in the front with Harrison's musk and lobelia alternately, the musk to be planted opposite the geraniums and the lobelias in front of the stocks. The musk should be encouraged to trail over the edge of the box. Still another arrangement may consist of heliotrope along the back, with a fuchsia at intervals, the front being filled in with ivy-leaved pelargoniums trailing over. If a wire is placed along the front of the box, the first shoots may be trained over by securing them to the wire; afterwards give them their own way. In filling window boxes there is always room for creepers.

A very little ingenuity will arrange some sort of temporary support for canary creepers on verandahs. If the box is placed on the window sill of the ground floor a wire may run round the window; a piece of string and a few nails will do. Seeds of the canary creeper should be planted at each end of the box, and the strongest plants trained round the window, the side shoots being allowed to hang down. At the upper windows, where this arrangement cannot be so easily carried out, a wire arch may be formed over the box by bowing the wire from end to end and training convolvulus over it.

Sweet Peas will Grow in Boxes.

And very sweet and pretty they are. Plant the peas along the front of the box, and fill in behind with some other kind of plant, training the peas over the edge of the box.

Hardy Herbaceous Plants.

The suberbia, the violas, pansies, daisies, wall-flowers, tulips, forget-me-nots, anemones, and many other flowers, though late are very welcome. Hollyhocks are beautiful plants for the country cottage, and, in fact, any garden, but they must be well supported with rich food. If the soil containing their roots is mulched over now with manure it will be a great support. Thin the shoots of phloxes and other plants now where too thick. Put stakes to carnations. Bright-coloured and pure white self-coloured flowers of this class are good dealt sought after now, and very sweet they are either growing in the border or in a vase in the room. Fashions fluctuate, and those having a good stock of the old florist carnations, picotees, and pinks might hold on to them, as they will be wanted by-and-by. At present self colours are the rage. In the near future stripes and flakes will be in the ascendant, and so each in turn have their innings.

The Florist Auricula

is just the flower to please the man with quiet thoughtful tastes. They do not occupy much room, and one may linger over them, pipe in mouth, for many minutes at a stretch, without ennui or weariness. The formation of a collection may begin any time, and be continued at intervals, as one sees a variety that is worth growing among the seedlings annually raised. Besides, each grower saves seeds from his own plants and raises seedlings with the hope of obtaining something worth perpetuating. The auricula is a modest flower, and cannot face hot sunshine. A position under a north wall will be best for the plants now. This is a good season for a general re-planting of the whole collection, taking off any off-sets which can be taken without injuring the plants. The best compost is a healthy, sober one, enriched with about one-fourth of old manure. The horse droppings picked up on the public road, with the grit usually mixed therewith, is a capital manure for auriculas. Pot firmly, and do not fill the pots too full. Water carefully until the roots are active again.

Orchard House.

Do everything possible to keep the atmosphere sweet and fresh. If the borders are mulched the surface cannot be bestirred, and therefore one source of freshening up the atmosphere in the house is absent; but when possible stirring up the surface of the borders is a great benefit. Plants in pots will require liquid manure now three times a week. Ventilate freely; especially give air early on sunny mornings. With a warm sun shining on the house, raising up and expanding the foul vapours which have accumulated during the night, if there is no point of egress for them to escape, we may soon expect mildew, and other disasters will follow in the track. Thin the young wood and also the fruits where too numerous in good time. Peaches are not of much value when they lack colour, therefore continue to train them on the upper side of the branches so that the sun may shine upon them.

Strawberry Notes.

If not mulched down no time should be lost now in putting it done. A mixture of soot and some kind of artificial scatterer between the rows and raked in will make its presence felt when the fruits are swelling off, and should be applied at once, to be followed by a heavy mulching of stable manure. There are plenty of good strawberries to select from now, but all will not succeed on every kind of soil. Sir Joseph Paxton is the favourite of the market grower, but for flavour nothing can touch the British Queen, but it must have a deep warm soil. Viscountess de Thury is the kind for difficult situations, and it also forces well in pots.

The Routine Work

in the vegetable department now will consist chiefly in stirring the soil among growing crops, thinning young plants where too thick, sowing peas, runner beans, turnips, lettuces, and spinach for succession, making celery trenches and planting early crops, and sowing chicory and dandelions for winter salads.

ADAM.

GREENHOUSES.—Everything Complete from 6s. 6d. Cucumber Frames, Garden Lights, Glass, White Lead, Sashbars, &c., &c., Illustrated List, Stamp.—G. COOPER, 164, Chancery-lane, E.C.4, London.

120 PLANTS FOR 5s.

WILLIAM BADMAN offers his 3d. Box of Plants, containing 50 Geraniums of sorts, 15 Blue Lobelia, 15 Fuchsia, 15 Blue Agapanthus, 15 Verbena, 15 Heliotrope, 15 Sweet Fuchsia, 15 Wall flower, and 15 daisy. Half the above for 3s. 6d. Post free, 4d. and 6d. extra. P.O.O. with order.

GERARD NURSERY, GRAVESEND.

20 PACKETS OF FLOWER SEEDS 1s.

Manglon House.

Bow-street.

Marlborough-street.

DOCTOR COLLARED HIM.—The
 was a groom, was charged wi

Marylebone.
 GRAY — Samuel

Co.—William Beem
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Worship-street.

Lambeth.
JUVENILE HIGHWAYMEN IN LOUGHBOROUGH.—Daniel Davis, 12, Ernest Chrippon, 11, Robert Hughes, 11, and John Parker, 12, were charged with being concerned in stealing 1s. 10d. from a boy named Edwards.—The boy, it appeared, was sent by his parents on an errand, and on his way back along Loughborough-green, he was stopped by the four persons, who surrounded him. The boy Hughes seemed to be the leader, and said to Edwards, "Your money or your life!" at the

Southwark.

Wandsworth.

Greenwich

Croydon:

Highgate.

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Five days.

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SUICIDE.—Dr. W.

50. DEATH—T

FALL FROM A CAR

KILLED AT MARLOW STATION.—At University College Hospital, Dr. Wynn Westcott held an inquest concerning the death of John Johnson, aged 18, employed in the signal department of the London and North-Western Railway, and lately living at 15, Carey-place, Watford. According to the evidence the deceased was engaged at 9.20 a.m. on the 15th inst. climbing the "slow up" line and the sliding gate at Harrow Station of the North Western Railway. He was bending down at his work when the 9.8 express from Watford ran into the station, and Johnson was observed by his fellow workers to be knocked over. The latter went to his assistance, when he said, "I did not see the train coming nor hear it." He was then placed in the train and taken to the hospital, where he died the same afternoon. Both the driver and stoker of the train stated that they did not notice the deceased at work on the line, or they would have whistled. —The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

NEW PARK FOR HAMMERSMITH.

One of the most picturesque pieces of woodland within easy and agreeable run of London, and, in fact, just within the metropolitan area, though closely adjoining the boundary of the parish of Chiswick, was conceded to the public on Saturday, the date having been delayed owing to the necessity of obtaining the consent of the Home Secretary. The park contains a fine mansion, long in the occupation of the late Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, the novelist. The late owner was about to dispose of the ground for building purposes, when the Hammersmith Vestry, stimulated by a committee of inhabitants, including Mr. Frank Dethridge, of the Hermitage, Ravenscourt, Major-general Goldsmith, M.P., &c., agreed to purchase it, paying £230,000, the Metropolitan Board of Works subscribing the other portion of the £238,000 of the purchase money. The new park is a most charming retreat, a little off the main road of the pleasure seekers going to Kew and Richmond, but quite free from noise by sylvan scenery and bosage. On Saturday the Hammersmith Free Library commissioners received intimation that the Metropolitan Board had sanctioned the use of the mansion for a reading and tea-room and an gallery, at a nominal rent of £10 for twenty-one years. Public meetings in the park are prohibited by the regulations.

AN ASYLUM STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

During a severe thunderstorm which burst over a great part of Scotland early on Saturday morning, the Fifehire Lunatic Asylum, near Cupar, was struck by lightning and set on fire. The patients, numbering 360, were placed in safety. The females were very much alarmed, but the males helped with the fire-engines. One of the male patients, high up, got on the ridge of the roof, and, in the excitement, refused to come down and sat showered on with water. The damage to the buildings amounts to over £2,000.

REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

A review of the Foot Guards was held in Hyde Park on Saturday in the presence of a large number of spectators. The troops of the Grenadier and Scots Guards from Chelsea Barracks arrived in the park at half past eight, both battalions forming the brigade, making sixteen thousand companies, commanded respectively by Major-General Trotter and Colonel the Hon. John Duthen, C.B. As the troops stood in line of columns they presented a very fine appearance. At nine o'clock General Sir Reginald Gipps, C.B., commanding the Home District, rode on the ground, accompanied by Colonel Lorn Campbell, assistant adjutant-general, and other members of the Home District Staff, and the movements at once commenced. For nearly an hour the troops were confined to the Guards' Parade, but subsequently the operations extended in the direction of Baywater, where some interesting movements in the new drill were carried out. A march past concluded the review, which lasted two hours.

THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.
The International Exhibition at Brussels was formally opened on Saturday with considerable festivities in charming weather. The German section is still incomplete, but otherwise the exhibition is in a forward state. At night a banquet was given, at which, after the toasts of the king and queen, success to the exhibition was proposed. Lord Vivian replied. A display of fireworks closed the day's proceedings.

FORGED BANK-NOTES IN PARIS.

Some extraordinary statements respecting the circulation of false bank-notes in Paris have been made in the *L'Assiette*. It is said that the Bank of France has refused to refund the amount of the forged bank notes, and that several business men accordingly intend to bring actions against the directors charging them with having been long cognisant of the fact that fabricated notes were in circulation, and with having concealed this from the public so as to be able to discover the forgers. The bank authorities, it is said, did think in the beginning of publishing the facts of which they were aware, but they were dissuaded from doing so by the police. The forgers were thus able to continue their operations, and the trade suffered. It is announced furthermore in the same paper that several statesmen intend to put notes upon in their shops, stating that they will refuse Bank of France notes in payment for goods sold. An association of business men is to be formed which intends to refuse the same notes. The worst of it all is that not only have notes for 500fr. been fabricated, but a financial authority states that one has received twelve spurious 1,000fr. notes, and it is likewise probable that false 500fr. notes are in circulation. Such is the sum of the substance of the statements made by *L'Assiette*, and now that a kind of panic has been caused by the stupid arrests which were made at Longchamps the previous week, when the wrong men were taken up, it is as well that the public should be put on its guard, and that those who contemplate a trip to Paris during the holidays should be warned once more to look carefully after their money.

FROM "THE TRICYCLING JOURNAL."

JOURNAL.
 We are now convinced that a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil should find its way into the houses of every cyclist, and, in fact, into every house, for not only are its properties such that every healthy young man are heir to, but also a great many of the complaints that are the bane of mankind in general. For rheumatism, in particular, it acts like a charm, and in fact the Oil, in the words of those who advertise it, truly "conquers pain." We commend to the careful and intelligent notice of our readers the names of such famous men as Hanlan, Beach, Furnival, Pullinger, Adams, Painter, Waide, Woodside, and others, whose equal prominence, and who are the "Vegetable Curing" testimonials. The giant athletes, together with a host of other well-known men, have appended their signatures to statements that prove that St. Jacobs Oil is no bogus preparation made up to sell, like, alas! many we know of, but a thoroughly bona fide and genuine article, which will and does do what its proprietors claim for it, and which those who have experienced its healing qualities rightly consider one of the greatest and best compounds that have ever been produced for the benefit of suffering humanity. Our readers will thus see we are very firm believers in the virtues of this preparation, and we are not singular in our belief. Beyond the high testimony we have received from Messrs. Furnival and Adams, it should be noted that the champions in almost every other sport or pastime prevalent in Great Britain, the United States, and the Colonies—particularly Australia—have all been benefited by its use. We do strongly advise our readers, therefore, never to be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and if they are only wise enough to take our advice, they will certainly not regret it.

LYCEUM.

STRAND.

THE OUTLYING THEATRES.

A new variety theatre, on the lines of the Alhambra, so arranged that it may be converted on any occasion into a circus, is to be built at Brighton, on a site in the King's-road adjacent to the "Muttons."—A curious mistake has been made by the authors of "Ben-my-Chree," who has not been detected by their press and public, in stating that the Tynwald, on which the Manx "deemster" sits, is a relic of the "ancient" Saxon or Celtic feudalism. In point of fact, this artificial mound is Scandinavian in its origin, the Mersemen vikings who established themselves round our coasts from earliest times having brought the traditions of the peculiar open-air judgment seat from their own country. It is true, where the Danes are known to have settled, as in the case of the Danelaw, the name of the mound was in vogue as the name of the sea margin, and there was in question to be traced, and more for the moment in name than in fact; as for example, the village near Birkenhead called Thingwall, which is a corruption of Tynwald. The deemster's high court of justice was piled up of earth and stones brought from every parish, and "hundred" of the district which was to be tried. "Call me a four-wheeler!" said a friend, who acknowledged his journeyed well to Mr. Gilmartin in the hall, "they were leaving an evener party." "You are a four-wheeler," said the party. "Oh, what do you mean?" cried the

THE EMPIRE.

HENGLER'S.

TRoublesome Servants.

Herbert Cooper, 25, a horse-dealer, of High Hill, was committed for trial on Saturday at Dalton Police Court on a charge of injuring a stable, under circumstances already reported.

Sharp Brush with the Natives.

THE OUTRAGE AT CANNING TOWN

THE ATTACK ON A MAGISTRATE.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A CHEMIST

WORK AND WAGES IN HOLLAND.
A Royal commission, composed of seven mem-

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR AND

A LOAFING IDLER.

GAS ECONOMY.—Great saving, safety, and convenience by CARNARY'S APPARATUS, which gives immediate full control of the supply into the meter from any part of the premises. Particulars post free.—CARNARY AND Co., 18, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. (Advt.)

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Trooping the Colours at the Horse Guards.

**GIFT OF A BISHOP'S HOUSE FOR
SOUTHWARK.**

**CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION IN
WESTMORELAND.**

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. EDWARD CHARRINGTON.

THE CART HORSE PARADE

A letter was received on Saturday morning from the Home Secretary, stating that the sentence of death passed on Mary Holliday for the murder of her daughter has been commuted to penal servitude for life.

MURDER OF A WARDER.

Daring Escape from Gaol.
A prisoner, named Jackson, who was confined in Strangeways Gaol, Manchester, attacked the warder in charge of him, and then escaped from the gaol. Jackson, who is described as a most desperate man, and is well known to the police, was engaged in some buildings abutting on Southall-street, where some repairs were being executed, in charge of a warder named Webb. The prisoner seems to have been waiting an opportunity, for when Webb turned round for some purpose, Jackson sprang upon him and struck him a terrible blow on the back of the head with a hammer, the force of which knocked him to the ground insensible. The prisoner then ran up to the roof of the building, and finding a means of exit, dropped from the roof into the street outside the gaol and bolted across some waste land in Chetham and disappeared. His escape becoming known, a number of warders set off in pursuit. They ran and searched in all directions, but the man had a good start and had succeeded in finding a hiding-place. The injured warder, Webb, was attended to by the gaol surgeon. He was found to be seriously injured, though the skull was not fractured. He was at first reported. Jackson was wearing the prison dress at the time of his escape, and the police were very soon engaged in scouring the country in search of him.

Some More Particulars.

The injuries inflicted upon Warder Webb turned out to be more serious than was at first supposed, and resulted in his death about three hours after the attack. Some further particulars have transpired about the affair. The convict's name is John Jackson, alias Edward Graham. He is only 29 years of age, and is supposed to be a native of Nottingham. He is a notorious house-breaker, and was convicted of housebreaking at Eccles at the last Salford Sessions. He is also wanted for offences at Hull, Huddersfield, Oldham, and Bradford. He is a plumber by trade, and was engaged on Tuesday afternoon, about three o'clock, in the matron's house, in charge of Webb. It is supposed that Webb was looking out of the window when Jackson attacked him, and having stunned the warder Jackson exchanged boots with him, and got on to the roof of the house, thence passing to the roof of a lower building, and reaching the wall he had only a drop of about ten feet into the street. He had seen his movements so far, and the street being a very quiet one, he ran off unmolested. Shortly afterwards he was seen by two boys going down Redbank, a densely populated part of the city, and near the resort of habitual criminals and low lodging-houses. The detective force was at once informed of the escape, and searched lodging-houses and other places where it was probable the man would attempt to hide in or get rid of his prison dress.

Pursuit of the Runaway—He Commits Two Burglaries.

It was late on Tuesday night before the police could get positive clue to the course taken by the runaway convict. However, towards eleven o'clock Chief-inspector Caminada, with a strong body of men, hit on the right track, as events proved, leaving other officers to watch the suspicious places that Jackson might haunt in Manchester. Following their clue, Caminada and his men went through Middleton and Chadderton to Oldham, where steps were taken to watch all the thoroughfares out of the town. About three o'clock on Wednesday morning the murderer must have been again active, for at burglary, for it was discovered that two houses had been entered in Oldham. From that of Thomas Taylor, in Park-road, the burglar took a quantity of clothing, including an overcoat and a half-gallon bottle of porter, together with some cigars, leaving behind one of his prison socks. Next he visited the house of Thomas Wood, a captain in the Salvation Army, in Cromwell-street, and entered it by means of taking out a pane of glass. After ransacking the house the burglar took away £1 10s. in money, together with a vest. With the audacity that has characterised his every act, Jackson made himself at home in this man's house. He drank one of the porter and one of the cigars which he had taken from the preceding burglary. He pocketed the keys of the Salvation Army barracks, and then wrote a note in red and blue pencil, and left it on the table. On one side were the words,

"Good-bye, Captain,

though lost to sight, to memory dear.—Yours truly, Shakespeare." On the other side he put down the description of the money he had taken, properly totalled to £10s. His whereabouts after leaving this house remain a mystery, except that he visited the barracks and left some cigar ends there. On Wednesday the detectives were busily engaged, but the ingenuity of the murderer baffled them completely. It seems certain, however, that they have circumscribed the circle in which the runaway can move, and it is expected that he will shortly be captured. Unfortunately he is possessed of money and ordinary clothes, which will aid him in eluding the police. Some further details of the actual circumstances under which the murder was committed have been divulged by the report of the governor of the gaol to the district coroner. It appears that the prisoner and the warder were in an upper room of the matron's house, and that at about a quarter to four in the afternoon the matron heard an unusual noise. Going up to the room she found the door locked, and called out.

"Open the Door."

A voice answered, "All right." Believing that something was wrong, she gave an alarm, and two or three of the male officers burst open the door they found the man lying insensible and bleeding from a wound at the back of the head, from which he died about six o'clock. The prisoner was missing, and there was a hole in the roof, through which he must have escaped. It is probable that the convict, who was engaged at the time in repairing gasfittings, had asked the warder to place his nose to a pipe to ascertain whether the gas was escaping, and had then seized the moment to strike him on the back of the head. Another correspondent says that the escape of the murderer, wearing prison dress in broad daylight, his subsequent audacious behaviour, and his prolonged elusion of the police have caused an immense sensation in Manchester. He is a slightly-built fellow, about four feet six inches in height, and the gaol officials never imagined that he would attempt a murderous attack on a warder. He was told off to do some slight repairs to the gasfittings, in an upper room in the matron's house. Webb accompanied him and the two were virtually isolated from the occupants of the lower part of the residence. The

Possibility of Escape

under the circumstances seems to have flashed upon Jackson, and he unhappily contrived to put his scheme into execution. A report of the affair, drawn up by the governor, suggests that while Webb was stooping to examine the pipes Jackson struck him a terrible blow on the back of the head with a hammer he had been using, crushing in the unfortunate man's skull and rendering him insensible. The blow was a sudden and unprovoked assault was a very puny. The cool, methodical behaviour of the culprit therefore, is positively amazing. He calmly rifled Webb's pockets and appropriated the money he found there. Then he drew off the man's boots and exchanged them for his own, and he also took possession of his victim's socks. With the hammer he made a hole in the roof sufficiently large for him to wriggle out of. From it he reached another roof still lower than the first, and having dropped to the ground made off. The identity of the Oldham burglar with the Manchester murderer has been ascertained in a curious manner. On the scene of his first nocturnal depredation on Tuesday night he left behind him two socks. A Manchester detective has pronounced one of them to be a sock which Jackson wore when in gaol, and the other one of

the pair which he stripped from the feet of the murdered warder.

A Modern Ishmael.

A Manchester correspondent writes—The murder of a warder by a prisoner in Strangeways Gaol, the escape of the murderer wearing prison garb in broad daylight, and his subsequent audacious behaviour, and his prolonged elusion of the police have caused an immense sensation in Manchester. The man's antecedents and the deliberation and brutality with which the crime was committed seem to prove that he is a scoundrel of a type very similar to the notorious Charles Peace, and equally as dangerous. John Jackson, alias Edward Graham, the missing murderer, has been for a number of years a social Israel. His professed trade is that of a plumber and painter, but his main occupation has been burglary. In that he has displayed exceptional daring and skill. His last appearance in a court of law was at the recent Salford Assizes, where he was convicted for having, on March 29, broken into a house at Eccles and stolen some trifling property belonging to a Salvation Army captain. It is a curious coincidence, suggestive almost of deliberate timidity rather than of accident, that late on Tuesday night or early on Wednesday morning—only a few hours at all events, after the murder of Warder Webb—he broke into the house of a Salvation Army captain at Oldham, and that with the keys abstracted therefrom he afterwards entered the Salvation Army barracks and enjoyed himself at his leisure. This is the second time that he has broken into the same person's residence, for the Oldham police are convinced that Jackson was the actual perpetrator of the burglaries at the houses of local Salvationist captains on February 11th and March 28th. The sentence passed on him at Salford Sessions was of six months' imprisonment. With this exception he had displayed a remarkable astuteness in evading the clutches of the law. There is only too much reason to believe that he was concerned in numerous robberies in the Manchester district, and also at Bradford, Huddersfield, Hull, and places even more remote. The police of the various towns could not, however, except in the particular case cited, prove his guilt, though morally certain of it. At the time of his arrest he was escaping from the house he had sought to plunder at Eccles, and he was secured by a constable whose suspicions had been aroused. He resisted the officer, but after a short struggle was apprehended. In his possession were then found a couple of jemies. He is a slightly-built fellow, about 4ft. 6in. in height, and the gaol officials never imagined that he would attempt a murderous attack on a warder.

Extraordinary Audacity: He Reads an Account of the Murder.

An Oldham correspondent telegraphs—The Oldham police this morning found the overcoat stolen by Jackson in a house at Lees. The wearer of the coat had spent money freely at Lees, and at one house he read to the inmates an account of the murder. He had a small towel with him, and said he was going to work in Yorkshire. Jackson is wanted by the police authorities in Hull and Beverley, in both of which places, about two years ago, he perpetrated some successful burglaries, though not on a large scale. His depredations in Hull, singularly enough, are believed to have been at the Salvation Army quarters, Westmoreland-street. A detective-inspector from Manchester has arrived in Hull to assist the local detective force in their efforts to hunt down the culprit, who is suspected to have made his way there. The hammer with which the murder was committed has been found on the roof of the matron's house in Strangeways Gaol.

Some Traces:

From information communicated to the Manchester police on Thursday, it is believed that Jackson had made his way into Yorkshire when the bills describing him and the clothing were circulated. A pawnbroker at Lees informed the Oldham police that early on Wednesday morning a man pawned the overcoat stolen from the house in Park-road the previous night. The pawnbroker was able to give details of the clothing worn by the man who pawned the coat, and it was recognised as the other proceeds of the same robbery. When last seen Jackson was driving in public-houses at Leeds and spending copper money freely. It is confirmed that in one house he read to the company an account of the murder from a newspaper. A post mortem examination of the body of Webb has been made. The unfortunate man's skull, it was found, had been severely fractured at the base, and the fracture extended right across the back of the head. In the doctor's opinion the wound was such as might have been inflicted with the hammer with which Jackson was repairing the gas pipe in the matron's room. There are no blood marks on the hammer, but these might have been removed by its employment to knock a hole in the roof. The prison authorities say that had they known as much about Jackson as they do now, they would not have put him on such work as that he was engaged upon when he committed the murder. There was nothing to indicate to them that he was a dangerous character. Much commiseration is felt for Webb's wife and family. The money taken from the Salvation Army officer provides one of the clues which makes the search hot in the neighbourhood of Oldham. The money was in copper, and was taken from the pocket of the escaped prisoner who was observed on Wednesday drinking at some of the public-houses in Leesbrook and Lees, and he was spending copper money freely.

Another of His Burglaries

has provided a trace, which is being carefully followed. Amongst the articles stolen at Oldham were a black ribbed Chesterfield overcoat, with an imitation sealskin collar, cloth-covered buttons, and lined with Italian cloth; a brown tweed slack-back jacket, and a white linen jacket with metal buttons. This overcoat was found on the couch near a berth in the prison room at 8.30, on the 23rd inst., by a Mrs. Moore, and the Oldham police have issued a circular stating that John Jackson, alias Graham, was traced going in the direction of Greenfield at half past six on Wednesday morning. He was then wearing the stolen brown-ribbed cloth slack jacket, a white linen jacket underneath a brown and red mixture cloth vest, cap with two peaks, white handkerchief round his neck, and a pair of well-polished boots, all of which, he had stolen. He had in his possession a small towel. He stated that he was going into Yorkshire to work. It is in this district that the Manchester police are devoting their attention. Detective-inspector Caminada went from Oldham to Greenfield on Thursday afternoon, and it is in that vicinity that the authorities expect to make a capture. A story reached Manchester in the afternoon that an arrest had actually been made, but it was subsequently contradicted, and from the time that Jackson was seen going in the direction of Greenfield he has apparently vanished. It is believed that Jackson was in Stockport on Wednesday. A man answering the fugitive's description called at the Teviot Hotel during the afternoon, and changed 10s. worth of copper, which were wrapped in music paper torn from a Salvation Army book. It is supposed that this was part of the money stolen from the Oldham Salvation Army captain. The landlord, on seeing the description of the murderer four hours later, was convinced that the man who changed the copper was Jackson, and reported the circumstance to the police. A man answering the description of the murderer Jackson was seen on Friday morning on one of the ferry boats at Sunderland. His manner attracted the attention of the passengers and the man in charge of the boat, but on landing he quickly ran along the stage and disappeared. It is thought probable that Jackson might try to escape in a vessel from Sunderland. The police are closely watching the shipping.

The Inquest—An Official Blunder.

The inquest on Webb was opened on Friday, when an important statement was made by

Major Preston, the governor of the gaol. He said that at the trial of the man Jackson nothing was said as to previous convictions against him, and attached to the warrant received at the gaol was a certificate from the police superintendent of "no previous conviction." He was therefore treated as an ordinary prisoner. Being the only plumber in the prison, he was put on to repair the gaspipe in the matron's house, and was working Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, each day in charge of different warders. At the time of the murder another warder was on his way to relieve Webb, who was then going to his tea, and witness himself was due to see him, and work was progressing. Chief-warder Denham said the prisoner was well conducted. Warder Webb was physically a much stronger man than Jackson. The prisoner Jackson was the only plumber they had in prison. His sentence was six months, and he had been in prison six weeks. Warder Dickson gave evidence that he saw Webb and Jackson on Tuesday afternoon last passing from the blacksmith's shop and going in the direction of the matron's house about three o'clock. Jackson was carrying a hammer, a soldering-iron, a chisel, and a piece of lead pipe. Nothing that went on raised any suspicion in his mind that any act of violence was about to be done. Mrs. Elizabeth Settle, the matron of the prison, said Jackson, in charge of Webb, came to her house a little after three. After going upstairs, they went down again to heat something at the fire. They returned to the bedroom. She heard Jackson say to Webb,

"I Want some Screw Nails."

They afterwards left the house and returned to a quarter to four, and afterwards went into the scullery, where the meter was attended to, and again went into the bedroom. She remained in the kitchen, which is directly under the bedroom, for six minutes. While in the kitchen she heard an unusual noise overhead, resembling the sound produced by drawing a heavy piece of furniture across the floor. She at once went upstairs and shook the handle, and raised any suspicion in her mind that any act of violence was about to be done. Mrs. Elizabeth Settle, the matron of the prison, said Jackson, in charge of Webb, came to her house a little after three. After going upstairs, they went down again to heat something at the fire. They returned to the bedroom. She heard Jackson say to Webb,

On the Track.

The Press Association, writing on Friday night, says—There are reasons to believe that the fugitive convict, John Jackson, who murdered Assistant-warder Webb in Strangeways Gaol, Tuesday last, is making his way to London. He left Oldham at the police house at 10.15, and all odds to the district in which he is travelling, therefore they are at a loss to understand in which direction to prosecute their inquiries. Nevertheless, the police and detective staffs throughout the country are keeping a sharp look out for the murderer, and closely investigating any information they may receive. It is thought probable that Jackson, after leaving Oldham, surreptitiously or otherwise travelled by one of the local lines of railway for a short distance south, thus disconnecting the clue of the local police as to his whereabouts. It is pointed out that the proceeds of the robberies he has committed have afforded him the means of travelling, and it is believed that he will eventually seek the metropolis as a hiding place. In consequence, the metropolitan police have extensively posted the fact of the murder and a detailed description of the murderer, and every possible precaution is being taken to prevent him entering the metropolis unobserved. It appears that Jackson has a very bad record of crime against him as a dangerous criminal, and he is stated to be well known throughout the United Kingdom, as he has been in the habit of travelling from town to town as a plumber. Should he not have already arrived in London, the probability of his reaching it in safety now is very remote, as notwithstanding that the resources of the detective department are at the present time very much strained by the call for a large body of officers to investigate recent murder cases, all the points of ingress, both road and rail, are being specially watched by officers who are provided with particulars which cannot fail to prove his identity. It is not thought likely that he will have adopted this course, but he will avail himself of the latter means of reaching London, but under any circumstances special precautions have been taken to provide against an emergency, as it is thought more than probable that he will not submit to his capture without resistance.

Another Arrest.

The police at Wolverhampton arrested a man late on Friday night, sleeping in an outhouse, who was believed to answer the description of Jackson, the Manchester murderer. He gave the name of Wash, and states that he came from the neighbourhood of Oldham, but denies all knowledge of the murder. He was further examined on Saturday, but was found not to be the man wanted.

The Murderer Still at Large.

Some of Saturday morning's papers reported the capture of Jackson, and even went so far as to announce this on their front page. As a matter of fact a man was detained at Debary on Friday night, and a suspicion of being the murderer, but the officers from Manchester have seen the prisoner and pronounce him not to be the man wanted. Up to Saturday morning Jackson was still at large, despite all the efforts of the police to ascertain his whereabouts.

SHOCKING SUICIDE AT POPLAR.

A terrible case of suicide occurred at Poplar on Friday. A man named Thomas Buit, aged 35 years, of Follet-street, Poplar, a shipping clerk in the East and West India Dock, had been drinking heavily for the past few weeks. Medical assistance was called in, and he was ordered to be removed to the infirmary. When the men came to take him away he was found lying in his room with a fearful gash in his throat. He was taken to Poplar Hospital, and he died shortly afterwards.

THE CONTROL OF PLEASURE BOATS AT RAMSGATE.

A case of great interest to boatmen was decided by the Ramsgate magistrates on Friday. Some time since, the corporation issued certain by-laws, with a view of prohibiting boatmen from plying for hire without a license, and the prevention of the dangerous overcrowding of pleasure boats. Many of the boatmen have ignored the by-laws, and hence the test prosecutions of Friday against two boatmen, Smith and Friend, for plying for hire without a license. The defence set up in Smith's case was that the by-laws could not be enforced, and that the defendant had received only voluntary payments. The case was dismissed on the ground that there was no evidence to convict. The case against Friend was withdrawn.

FIGHTING IN TIBET.

Heavy Losses of the Enemy.
A Reuter's telegram, dated Simla, May 26, says—A body of Tibetans, about 3,000 strong, made an attack upon Gnatong at daylight this morning. The fight lasted until ten o'clock, when the Tibetans retreated, being pursued in different directions by a company of the Derbyshire Regiment and a force of 200 Pioneers. The British loss amounted to three killed and seven wounded, while the Tibetans had 100 killed.

Further Details.

Another telegram states that the Tibetans, emboldened by the purely passive attitude of the expeditionary force in Sikkim, have made an energetic attempt to surprise and capture the camp at Gnatong. The attack was delivered on Wednesday at daybreak, the attacking force mustering between 2,000 and 3,000. The engagement lasted about three hours, and ended in the successful repulse of the enemy, with a loss of 100 killed. They finally retreated over the Jacola Pass. Two columns were despatched by different routes in pursuit of them. Our casualties were—of the Pioneers two killed and seven wounded, and of the Derbyshire Regiment one killed. This attack was apparently intended as a defiant answer to the recent diplomatic attempt to endow our troops with negotiations on the spot through the intervention of the lieutenant-governor. It also has an important political bearing upon the relations existing between China and Tibet, and between China and ourselves. If the authority of China in Tibet is potent, then her pledges to us would appear to be insincere. If, on the other hand, as would seem to be the actual case, her authority is merely theoretical, and is not recognised as demanding greater weight than the empty semblance of formal respect, then we must be allowed a free hand in compelling the Tibetans to adopt a less aggressive attitude. If China is unable or unwilling to control her feudatory, and if Tibet refuses to accept the teaching of the present lesson, we shall have no other remedy, sooner or later, than to march on Lhasa. We cannot consent to sit down indefinitely under the insolent and wanton aggression of Tibet without adopting serious measures to enlighten her as to the unpleasant consequences of invading our territory, and to re-establish that conviction, now temporarily displaced, that our power, both for protection and punishment, is as far-reaching and invincible as ever. Our present position, both from a political and a military standpoint, is untenable, save as a temporary expedient. To stand still in Eastern wars is to invite inevitable disaster.

AN ALLEGED BOGUS CLUB.

Max Kanov, of the White Bear Club, Charing Cross-road, was summoned at Marlborough-street Police Court on Wednesday by the Excise authorities, for serving on the 7th and 11th of April, 1888, retailing spirits, tobacco, wine, and beer without possessing the necessary license to do so. Mr. Powell, of the Excise, appeared in support of the eight summonses; and Mr. H. Avery, barrister, defended. Mr. Powell, having stated that the case was one of keeping a bogus club, an offence for which several persons at the West-end had been summoned during recent years, called George W. Stonestreet, an Island Revenue officer, who deposed that on the first-mentioned dates, about two in the morning, he, another officer, and two other persons were admitted to the club-house on merely tapping at the door. They afterwards signed a book, and subsequently were supplied with beer, whisky, brandy, and cigars, for which they duly paid. He saw no notice about non-members not being allowed to pay for drinks. There were a good many members in the room, and gambling with cards was going on. He left the place about half past three in the morning. On the 14th of April, he returned to the club, and, accompanied by two of the gentlemen who accompanied him were Germans, and the hall porter, having inspected the party through the grating, had some conversation with the Germans before admitting them. He believed they were not members of the club, but he declined to give their names, as they were informers. The reason he took foreigners with him was that it was easier to obtain admission than if Englishmen went there alone. He could not swear that a notice to the effect that non-members only could be served was posted in the room. Frederick Isaac Dickens, another Revenue officer, gave corroborative evidence. He stated that the two Germans told him that they were not members. He believed that they did not sign their names. Mr. A. J. Llewellyn, detective supervisor, having given evidence as to the defendant's telling him that he served only members of the club, Mr. Avery asked for an adjournment, stating that he should be able to prove that the club was a bona fide one, managed in the ordinary way by a committee. Mr. Cooke, on the 13th June, bail in two summonses of £25 being accepted for the defendant's appearance.

COMMITTAL OF CONSTABLES.

Sir James Ingham was engaged at Bow-street Police Court on Thursday for some time in hearing the summonses against Police-constables Russell and Hester, charged with assaulting Hannah Williams, and with refusing alleged to have been committed to the Wandsworth Police Court by Russell in support of a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Mr. Mead, instructed by Sir A. K. Stephenson and Mr. Pollard, prosecuted; and Mr. St. John Wortner defended. Sir James Ingham committed both the defendants for trial.

ALLEGED ATTEMPTED MURDER AND

At Bow-street Police Court, Annie Elizabeth Prince, aged 26, the wife of Henry Prince, a milkman, residing at 43, Wells-street, Oxford-street, was charged with attempting to murder her infant daughter, aged 1 month, by holding it under the water in the River Thames on the 17th inst., at Cleopatra's Needle, on the Embankment. She was further charged with attempting to commit suicide by jumping into the water at the same time and place. On the 14th inst. George Bussey, 231, E. said that on the night in question he was on duty on the Thames Embankment, when he saw the prisoner with her baby in her arms jump into the water just by Cleopatra's Needle. He rushed up and leaped in after them. With difficulty he managed to get both mother and child ashore, and conveyed them to Charing Cross Hospital. Police-sergeant William Smith, 31 E, produced the following letters, which had been written by the prisoner:—"Dear Husband, May 17th. I can't put up with the treatment any more, and longer, coming in and talking as you do, and going to drown myself and the baby. I hope the Lord will have mercy on my soul, as you are always swearing about the baby. My body may be brought home to you." On an envelope was written, "I am drove to it—Mrs. Prince, 43, Wells-street, Oxford-street, London, W. God help my poor baby!" and upon another sheet of paper was the following:—"I have always done my best towards you and the home until that old cock came between us. Please send to Mrs. Prince, 43, West Hill, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, some. I am a witness to the treatment I have received from her son when I was confined. It was enough to kill any woman. The best for me to be put to death than the treatment I receive." The husband of the prisoner deposed that he and his wife had always lived happily together, but they had had a small disagreement about a cook. The result, the magistrate decided to remand the prisoner for a week, in order that inquiries might be made.

At the Oddfellows A.M.C. at Gloucester on Thursday, the code of rules prepared by the directors for the formation of a juvenile society was accepted, and a resolution in favour of registering was agreed to. Birthday congratulations were telegraphed to the Queen by the association.

LATEST NEWS.

(Continued from page 1.)
(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

HEALTH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

BERLIN, May 25.—The Emperor has passed a very satisfactory night, but owing to the excitement attendant upon yesterday's festivities his Majesty feels fatigued this morning, and by the advice of his physicians will not rise until noon to-day. Bulletins will in future be issued only once a week, the next probably on the 29th inst. should the improvement in his Majesty's condition continue, the Court will proceed to Friedrichsruhe Castle at the beginning of June.

THE FORGED NOTES.

PARIS, May 26.—The Bank of France yesterday cashed in Paris 2,700 of its 500 franc notes. None of the notes presented for payment were found to be false. The number of forged notes in circulation is again declared to be fifty-three.

BRITISH INTERESTS IN BEHRING'S SEA.

VICTORIA (British Columbia), May 25.—Her Majesty's cruiser Carolina has arrived here, and after dry-docking for repairs, will, it is stated, sail for Behring's Sea to protect the British sealing interests.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

NEW YORK, May 26.—The delegation of the Honourable Artillery Company, London, on arrival here yesterday, were welcomed by a delegation of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston. They left in the evening for Niagara, whence they will proceed to Washington and Boston.

THE NAVAL DISPLAY AT BARCELONA. BARCELONA, May 26.—The Queen regent has paid a visit to the flagship of the British training squadron, remaining on board for half an hour. The Austrian squadron has left here.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

(REUTER'S COMPANY'S TELEGRAMS.)
BERLIN, May 26.—It is again stated that Germany has no intention of making any Customs reprisals against Russia.

CONSERVATIVE VICTORY AT GREENWICH.

A Greenwich correspondent telegraphs that the vestry elections on Friday were fought on political grounds, and were well won by Conservatives.

GALLANT RESCUE BY A CONSTABLE.

Early on Saturday morning a Bolton policeman, named Makinson, was called to a burning dwelling-house. Two children were in one of the bedrooms, but Makinson could not reach them, in consequence of the flames and smoke. As a last resource he tied a wet cloth over his mouth, and forced a way on to the landing and passed the burning children, but not before he had been severely burned himself.

ABOUT TO ELOPE.

At Greenwich, on Sunday, a young married man named William Hunter, a young cashier with Messrs. Poynter and Son, chemical manufacturers, Greenwich, was committed for trial on a charge of forgery and embezzling over £200. The accused, when apprehended, was in company with a young lady teacher, with whom it is said he intended to elope. On him were found two tickets for America.

A CYNICAL "OLD CUSS."

Dr. Everett Wagner died the other day in Kentucky. He had practised miserly habits all his life, yet he had accumulated twelve thousand dollars, probably because he lived in a salubrious part of the Blue Grass State, where patients are healthy and unremunerative. On his death various relatives who had shunned him during his life came around him and surrounded themselves to his grateful consideration. He took note of their solicitous attentions in his will, for that solemn yet sardonic document he acknowledged their desire to possess some trinket or souvenir that would remind them of their ties of blood, and therefore he devised to four brothers his arms and legs, and to his remoter in degree he bequeathed his teeth, his ears, and his gums. He added this explanatory sentence, "It grieves me to have to part with myself in this manner, but then what is a gift without a sacrifice?" As to his money, £200 was bestowed on those who should disserve his remains, and make a fair division of the corporeal heirlooms; and the whole remainder of the estate went to public charities.

ALLEGED WIFE MURDER.

A horrible tragedy was enacted on Wednesday at Milton-under-Wychwood, a village in the northern division of Oxfordshire. It is alleged that a labouring man named Robert Upton, in the employ of Mr. Groves, builder, had been working at Shipton Court, the seat of Mr. Samuda, a county magistrate, and returning home, about six o'clock, a quarrel ensued between himself and his wife, and subsequently Upton is alleged to have dealt her a fearful blow across the temple, instantly killing her. Upton was arrested and conveyed to Chipping Norton Police Station. He was taken before the magistrates on Thursday, and remanded on the charge of murder.

MONEY MARKET.

City, Saturday.
Business on the Stock Exchange to-day is restricted. Foreign Government Securities are firm but Home Railways rule dull from want of support. Americans and Canadians are weaker than they opened. The funds are slightly weaker, Consols being quoted at 104½; New Two-and-Threes, 99½; for account, 99 3/16 5/16; New and Reduced Threes, 100½; and New Twos-and-a-Half, 99½.

Argentine, 1880, 98½; 1885, 98½; 1890, 98½; 1895, 98½; 1900, 98½; 1905, 98½; 1910, 98½; 1915, 98½; 1920, 98½; 1925, 98½; 1930, 98½; 1935, 98½; 1940, 98½; 1945, 98½; 1950, 98½; 1955, 98½; 1960, 98½; 1965, 98½; 1970, 98½; 1975, 98½; 1980, 98½; 1985, 98½; 1990, 98½; 1995, 98½; 2000, 98½; 2005, 98½; 2010, 98½; 2015, 98½; 2020, 98½; 2025, 98½; 2030, 98½; 2035, 98½; 2040, 98½; 2045, 98½; 2050, 98½; 2055, 98½; 2060, 98½; 2065, 98½; 2070, 98½; 2075, 98½; 2080, 98½; 2085, 98½; 2090, 98½; 2095, 98½; 2100, 98½; 2105, 98½; 2110, 98½; 2115, 98½; 2120, 98½; 2125, 98½; 2130, 98½; 2135, 98½; 2140, 98½; 2145, 98½; 2150, 98½; 2155, 98½; 2160, 98½; 2165, 98½; 2170, 98½; 2175, 98½; 2180, 98½; 2185, 98½; 2190, 98½; 2195, 98½; 2200, 98½; 2205, 98½; 2210, 98½; 2215, 98½; 2220, 98½; 2225, 98½; 2230, 98½; 2235, 98½; 2240, 98½; 2245, 98½; 2250, 98½; 2255, 98½; 2260, 98½; 2265, 98½; 2270, 98½; 2275, 98½; 2280, 98½; 2285, 98½; 2290, 98½; 2295, 98½; 2300, 98½; 2305, 98½; 2310, 98½; 2315, 98½; 2320, 98½; 2325, 98½; 2330, 98½; 2335, 98½; 2340, 98½; 2345, 98½; 2350, 98½; 2355, 98½; 2360, 98½; 2365, 98½; 2370, 98½; 2375, 98½; 2380, 98½; 2385, 98½; 2390, 98½; 2395, 98½; 2400, 98½; 2405, 98½; 2410, 98½; 2415, 98½; 2420, 98½; 2425, 98½; 2430, 98½; 2435, 98½; 2440, 98½; 2445, 98½; 2450, 98½; 2455, 98½; 2460, 98½; 2465, 98½; 2470, 98½; 2475, 98½; 2480, 98½; 2485, 98½; 2490, 98½; 2495, 98½; 2500, 98½; 2505, 98½; 2510, 98½; 2515, 98½; 2520, 98½; 2525, 98½; 2530, 98½; 2535, 98½; 2540, 98½; 2545, 98½; 2550, 98½; 2555, 98½; 2560, 98½; 2565, 98½; 2570, 98½; 2575, 98½; 2580, 98½; 2585, 98½; 2590, 98½; 2595, 98½; 2600, 98½; 2605, 98½; 2610, 98½; 2615, 98½; 2620, 98½; 2625, 98½; 2630, 98½; 2635, 98½; 2640, 98½; 2645, 98½; 2650, 98½; 2655, 98½; 2660, 98½; 2665, 98½; 2670, 98½; 2675, 98½; 2680, 98½; 2685, 98½; 2690, 98½; 2695, 98½; 2700, 98½; 2705, 98½; 2710, 98½; 2715, 98½; 2720, 98½; 2725, 98½; 2730, 98½; 2735, 98½; 2740, 98½; 2745, 98½; 2750, 98½; 2755, 98½; 2760, 98½; 2765, 98½; 2770, 98½; 2775, 98½; 2780, 98½; 2785, 98½; 2790, 98½; 2795, 98½; 2800, 98½; 2805, 98½; 2810, 98½; 2815, 98½; 2820, 98½; 2825, 98½; 2830, 98½; 2835, 98½; 2840, 98½; 2845, 98½; 2850, 98½; 2855, 98½; 2860, 98½; 2865, 98

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN BERLIN.

The Wedding Party at Charlottenburg.

The marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia (second son of the Emperor of Germany) and the Princess Irene of Hesse (daughter of the late Princess Alice) was solemnized at Charlottenburg on Thursday. The Royal family and the distinguished guests assembled in the blue drawing-room, which was formerly the bed-room of Frederick I., and is well known by its excellent wood carvings. There also the marriage was registered by Count Stolberg, the Minister of the Imperial House, after the Emperor, with the assistance of her Mistress of the Robes, had affixed the princess's crown upon the bride's head. For this act the gold toilet accessories which the Crown Princess wore, presented to Queen Louise had been placed on a table. After this ceremony was over, a procession was formed to the chapel.

In the Chapel.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the signal was given for the procession to proceed to the chapel. Prince Radolin led off. Then followed the bride and bridegroom, the latter wearing a naval uniform, with the chain of the Black Eagle and the Hohenzollern Order and the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The Grand Duke of Hesse escorted the Princess. The Crown Prince of Greece, the Hereditary Prince of Meiningen, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Princess Victoria, the Empress took up her position on the right of the altar, and the Grand Duke of Hesse on the left. The other members of the Imperial family and the guests formed a half circle round the altar. A side door was opened, and the Empress Dowager was wheeled in, in widow's weeds. Prince Henry and his bride stepped up to her and kissed her hand, bowing low. When the Royal party entered the chapel the organ played one of Handel's compositions. Then the choir sang one of Mendelssohn's hymns. The sounds had scarcely died away when the Emperor appeared. It was a most impressive and touching scene. In his grand marshal's uniform he walked in with a firm step and perfectly erect. For a moment he looked at his wife and bowed graciously. He then approached his mother and, with a low bow, kissed her hand and took a seat next to the Empress Victoria.

The Ceremony.

The real ceremony now began. The Court Chaplain, Dr. Koppel, stood in his sermon to the mother of the bride in very eloquent words. He alluded to the Queen, who celebrated her birthday that day. Towards the end of the sermon the Emperor rose, and supporting himself on his sword, stood perfectly upright during the rest of the ceremony. When the chaplain had finished, the choir sang an anthem by Sullivan. Then the bride and groom exchanged rings, which was accompanied by the roar of cannons. Then followed the Benediction. The "Yes" of the prince resounded through the chapel, while that of the princess was spoken in a low tone and timidly. The newly-married couple approached the Emperor. Apparently deeply moved, his Majesty held his son for several seconds in his arms, kissing him repeatedly on the cheek and brow. He also congratulated his new daughter in the heartiest manner. The young couple next received the congratulations of the Empress Victoria and the Empress Augusta and of the others. The Emperor then left the chapel, and this was the signal for the rest to leave.

Some of the Dresses.

The low body of the bride's dress was trimmed round the neck with a set of very large diamonds. The large necklace, the gold fan set with diamonds, the breast ornaments of diamonds, and the bracelets are all old jewels belonging to the Royal house of Prussia. The Empress wore a dress of pale green silk with a plastron of white silver brocade, and a pale blue silk train. She also wore a magnificent diadem of diamonds with white feathers, on her neck a riviera of diamonds, and in her hand she carried a bouquet of orchids. The Crown Princess was in white, and wore the Russian Order of St. Katherine, with the red ribbon. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress Augusta were present at the breakfast which took place after the wedding, the former being represented by the Crown Prince. The newly-married pair sat near the centre of the table, the bride having on her right the Crown Prince, and next to him the Grand Duchess Sergius. The Empress sat on Prince Henry's left, and next to her was the Grand Duke of Hesse. After the first course had been served the Crown Prince proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in the Emperor's name. Immediately after the breakfast at half past two, Prince and Princess Henry left for Ermansdorf on their honeymoon.

The Presents.

During the past few days the wedding presents and the bridal dress of Princess Irene were exhibited in Darmstadt. The lace and costly veil remain in the family of Hesse as a nuptial heirloom. The wedding presents are both numerous and valuable. The Grand Duke of Baden presented his daughter with a large diamond necklace. Her father-in-law, the Emperor, has given her a bracelet, a sapphire surrounded by four rows of diamonds, costly English lace, silk and velvet stuffs for dresses, a crotchet cover worked by herself, and a large Indian shawl. The two Hessian Princes, Henry and William, have presented her with two diamond brooches, and the Duchess of Connaught, an Indian necklace of pearls and precious stones. A large silver bowl is given by the Empress. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has presented her with a diamond and coral bracelet. The ladies of Darmstadt have presented her with a life-size oil painting of her mother. The ladies and gentlemen of the Court give a richly carved easel with fourteen water-colour views of Darmstadt and the neighbourhood; the Hessian Cavalry Brigade, a gold bracelet set with a diamond, an emerald, and a ruby. The present of the married women with large letters in diamonds and rubies and the Grand Ducal crown in diamonds. Valuable as a memento is the gift of the former governess of the late Grand Duchess the Princess Alice. It is a bracelet made with her hair. A private gentleman gives a present of historical value. In a rich case of leather is a fine linen table-cloth and six napkins, with a pattern of the Prussian coat of arms. The father-in-law of this gentleman bought them from the heirs of a French general. Most likely they formed part of the booty taken from one of the Prussian castles in the time of Napoleon. The town of Darmstadt has presented a handsome clock of polished copper, with the Hessian and Prussian arms, and the arms of the town where the bride was born. It may be mentioned that the bride is in her twenty-second year, while his bride is in his twenty-year.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have issued their annual series of little books, giving a list of farmhouse and country lodgings in Essex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk; also a descriptive account of all points of interest and places of popular resort on their extensive line. To lovers of fishing, the books also contain a list of the most popular rivers and streams, while the able and busy Yarmouth and Great Yarmouth will be again visited by multitudes in search of pure air and recreation.

DESPERATE PRIZE FIGHT.

A Man's Eye Knocked Out.

Information reached Cardiff on Thursday that a desperate prize fight took place that morning at Berkeley Castle, in the Vale of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, the principals being "Shoni Engineer," the well-known Welsh middle-weight champion from Swansea, and "White," a pugilist from Bristol. The two men have been in training some time, and until a few days ago it was thought that the affair would come off at Cardiff. It was, however, decided otherwise, and the men met at Berkeley. Eye-witnesses describe the fight as being the most brutal yet spirited character, eighty rounds in all being fought, and both men seemed determined to do their best regardless of all consequences. For the first forty rounds it appeared nearly certain that "Shoni Engineer" would win. With one terrible blow, early in the last he knocked "White's" eye on his cheek, at least, the state of the contest made by spectators who have returned to Cardiff. Yet, notwithstanding this fact "White," it is said, continued to struggle on most gamely. Each of the pugilists pounded the other unmercifully, and suffered such injuries that they were covered with blood. After the fortieth round the indecomit endurance of the Bristol man began to tell upon his opponent, who, though more muscular, was unable to stand the strain of the prolonged tussle, and at the eighth round he was obliged to own himself beaten. The Welsh champion was trained at Cardiff, but the scene of the fight was kept a close secret.

MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P., AND THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

At the annual meeting of the Fenge and Upper Norwood Conservative Association, held on Wednesday night, which was attended by Mr. J. Blundell Maple, M.P., Mr. B. Methuen (chairman of the association), in submitting a resolution expressing confidence in the Government, and in Mr. Maple as the representative of the constituency, congratulated the hon. gentleman and the party on the breakdown of the scandalous attempt recently made to damage his political character. The whole thing had been got up for political purposes. (Hear, hear.)—Mr. Blundell Maple, M.P., who was very cordially received, said he was not going to speak in detail of the proceedings of the Sweating Committee, because he had promised to go before that committee (cheers)—and give them a considerable amount of information. He might say, however, that the assertions which had been made against his firm were altogether false. (Cheers.) They would have seen that a meeting of his employees was held last week to express their views upon the evidence given before the committee. He might say that that meeting was organized entirely without his knowledge, and he might add that his firm were without exception the best employers of labour throughout the country. (Cheers.) He considered it a shame that men should be allowed to come forward and give evidence before they had been tested as to the testimony they were going to give. (Cheers.) To his firm, which was above suspicion, thank God, he did not think the result of the proceedings before the Sweating Committee would be damaging; but to a great many small firms they might mean ruin. For that reason he contended that the witnesses should be tested as to what they were going to say before they were examined. There had been only one man confronted with the committee who had been employed by his firm. His name was Baum, and his evidence did not refer in the slightest degree to any ill-treatment he had received, or any bad payments he had had while he was employed. The fact was that while Baum was engaged by his firm, he should be prepared to show that he had earned 7s. a day, which was not very bad pay for a working man. (Cheers.) Nearly all the witnesses had spoken either from hearsay, or else they had spoken what he should be prepared to show was absolutely false. (Cheers.)—And they had been guilty of scandalous conduct, if not of perjury. The Lord Chancellor had said that the witnesses could only be proceeded against for perjury. He (Mr. Maple) thought they could be tried for conspiracy. That was rather an important thing, because it might turn out that those who had come forward were acting at the instigation of others. Therefore it might be a conspiracy which was working against him and his firm. (Hear, hear.) The gentleman who charged against his firm had stated that three hard bargains, and that those who worked for them were employed men, and paid them bad wages. If that was the truth, what about the people who bought from his firm. Were they not doing the same kind of thing? He was perfectly convinced of one thing—that his firm, as tradesmen, were doing their duty in looking after the interests of their customers; and that they were doing their duty by the people they employed was proved by the fact that they were happy and contented. (Cheers.)

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

The annual meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Orphan and Destitute Children was held on Wednesday in Exeter Hall, which was crowded. The Earl of Meath presided. The report stated that there were now thirty-four direct institutions, of which nineteen were directly engaged in the maintenance and training of destitute children and the others in evangelistic work. Since the year 1886 to the present time, 10,884 children had actually been rescued, and 6,342 had been benefited in some degree during the past year. The number of applications for admission last year was 7,418, of which only 1,688 could be accepted; 363 boys and forty-three girls had emigrated, and many were placed in situations. Great advances had been made in the past year in the way of building, leasing, and purchase of land in Manitoba. The donations during the year amounted to £28,000, an increase on that of the previous year of £2,616, while the gross income from all sources had been £108,691. The expenditure had, however, exceeded the income by £7,961. The earnings from some of the trades and industries had been very large, that by the City Messenger Brigade (97 boys) amounting to £1,708; the shoeblock brigade, £471; and wood choppers, £1,726. The chairman said that they were face to face with social difficulties and dangers of which our ancestors knew nothing. Dr. Barnardo's solution, and had received more support than ever, not only from isolated philanthropic individuals, but from the masses of the people who saw the result achieved.—Lord Kinnaird proposed a resolution expressive of sympathy and support with the objects of the institution, and a number of valuable prizes were distributed to deserving young men and women, former inmates of the homes, who had kept their places with credit for periods extending over a year.

GIVING FALSE CHARACTERS.

At Guildford Police Court, Charlotte Blake, alias Wilfred of 8, Bishop's-road, Paddington, a registry office keeper, was brought up on a warrant, charged with sending false characters concerning Jane Skinner, a domestic servant, who was remanded on the 18th inst. on four different charges of felony. Evidence was given as to Skinner being engaged as a cook by three different persons, all of whom received from the prisoner letters signed respectively, "W. Graves," "C. Graves," and "C. Grey," all of which were from the same address, namely, 8, Bishop's-road, Paddington. They were in the prisoner's handwriting, and stated in effect that all of the places she turned out very badly. It appeared from further evidence that the prisoner had sent out other fictitious letters. She was fined £10, in default of paying which she was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

The Rev. Walter Marshall, B.A., has been appointed by the dean and chapter of Windsor to a minor canonry in St. George's Chapel.

AN ADVENTURER AND HIS DUPE.

Before Mr. Lushington, at the Thames Police Court, Adolf Frederic Schroeder, alias P. A. Gould, 30, described as a commercial traveller, of 70, Milmay Grove, Milmay Park, was again brought up this week, charged with obtaining £200 from Miss Eliza Cooper, of 116, Grundy-street, Poplar, with intent to defraud. Mr. George Haynes, solicitor, prosecuted. Miss Cooper now states that the prisoner had been a business manager to Mr. Leon, the American business trainer. She first became acquainted with the prisoner by the name of Gould some eight years ago. At that time she believed him to be a single man, but in April of last year their acquaintance ceased, because she found him to be a married man. He told her he was married, and had made a very unhappy marriage. In March last she again met the prisoner, who said he had been divorced from his wife, and was then a single man. He promised to marry her, and she gave him £200. On the following Saturday the accused asked the witness to lend him £200, and she lent him £200. He told her he had been unfortunate in business. The week following the second Leon Schroeder wrote asking her to let him have another £200, and she did so. In the letter he signed himself as "Your hubby." On the 6th April Schroeder obtained a sum of £475 from her. When he asked for the money she at first objected to letting him have it, and he said, "Will you let this rubber come between us?" When he first applied for the £475 he brought Leon with him, but as the witness did not like his (Leon's) appearance she gave him the hint to leave, and he did so. When the prisoner got the money, he never returned. She afterwards went to his house and saw a woman, who represented herself to be the prisoner's wife. This person, however, turned out to be a Miss Slowman, with whom Schroeder was living, and his real wife was now in court. The witness afterwards met Schroeder, and she still maintained he was a single man. She let him have the money under the belief he would marry her. The money was what the witness had saved out of her business. Schroeder left with her some bills and cheques, after receiving the money, as securities. These, on being presented, were found to be worthless. Schroeder told her his professional name was Gould. When she first met the accused he represented himself to be a commercial traveller. Since Schroeder had been in prison he had written to her, asking her to plead for him, and if he could get out of prison he would be an altered man. On the 1st inst. the witness searched the books at Somerset House, and found that the prisoner had not filed any petition for a dissolution of his marriage.—Detective-sergeant Walter Reed, K Division, said that about nine o'clock on the night of the 15th inst. he apprehended the prisoner outside Milmay Park Railway Station. On telling him the charge he said, "I had better not say anything; you may use it against me." The witness had since searched the divorce index at Somerset House from the beginning of 1884 up to the present time, and found no petition had been filed for the dissolution of the prisoner's marriage, and that there had been no dissolution of his marriage.—Mr. Lushington remanded the accused for a week.

SUPPOSED CHILD MURDER AT BRIGHTON.

An inquest was held on Thursday at Brighton, on the body of a child, found under peculiar circumstances on Monday last. On Sunday a young woman was seen on the beach at Black Beach, and on the following day a man, named Doughty, found the dead body of a male child near the spot, with a terrible wound in the head. The child was twelve or fourteen weeks old, and medical evidence was to the effect that the blow on the head was caused by a heavy instrument, or through the head having been dashed against the rock. A verdict of wilful murder was returned. The police are searching for the woman.

A GIRL ATTACKED BY DOGS.

Two watch dogs rushed into the yard of the Farcot Factory, at St. Owen, near Paris, on Louise Firmin, a girl of 13, the daughter of the caretaker. In an instant they scalped her, tore pieces out of other parts of her body, and crunched an arm. The whole of her face was mutilated. When the girl screamed the persons about, knowing the strength and ferocity of the dogs, did not dare to interfere, but ran out calling for help. Three neighbors answered to the appeal, and with an iron bar, a spade, and a pitchfork attacked and disabled the dogs, and rescued the girl, who is said to have received injuries too grave for recovery to be hoped for.

EXECUTION AT LEEDS.

James William Richardson, aged 25, labourer, was executed at Leeds on Tuesday, for the murder of William Herdridge, his foreman, at Barnsley, Billington, of Bolton, was the executioner. Richardson, who retired to rest at midnight, passed a good night. On Tuesday morning he appeared singularly composed. On Monday he spent part of the time in arranging his affairs, and wrote letters to his father and mother and another to his wife. He gave into the care of the governor of the goal a number of small articles—books, &c.—which had been sent him, to forward to his relatives. He was punished in his cell shortly before eight o'clock, and a few minutes before the executioner appeared, and ran round the scaffold, a hour a procession of about twenty yards from the cell. Richardson was then placed on the drop, the executioner drew the bolt, and death was apparently instantaneous. A drop of seven feet was allowed. A crowd congregated outside the prison buildings to witness the hoisting of the black flag.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time since, stood in a hall waiting for a servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there (says *Galignani*) a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant-in-waiting, and called out to him, "Call me a four-wheeler!" Mr. Gilbert placed his glass to his eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said, "You are a four-wheeler." "What do you mean?" said the swell. "I mean that you are a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you a hansom, you know."

SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION.

Polling for the vacancy caused by the resignation of Admiral Comberrell (C.), consequent on his acceptance of the position of commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, took place on Wednesday, and the result was declared as follows:—

Mr. F. H. Evans (G.) 5,151
Mr. Arthur E. Guest (C.) 4,268

Majority 885

On the two previous occasions the polling was as follows:—

1886. 1888.
A. Giles (C.) 5,023 A. Giles (C.) 5,595
Adl. Comberrell (G.) 4,726 Adl. Comberrell (C.) 5,307
J. H. Cooksey (G.) 4,384 H. Lee (L.) 4,566
J. C. M'Con (G.) 4,020 E. Jones (L.) 4,535

THE RIVER LEA NEW FISHERY BY-LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE PEOPLE." Sir,—In answer to several inquiries, I beg to inform anglers that fishing in the River Lea for grayling, pike, perch, dace, bleak, crayfish, and eels will commence on June 17th; for roach, chub, bream, tench, rudd, and carp on July 1st; for jack and perch on August 1st.—Yours, &c., R. GRUNY.

The Anglers' Association, Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell-road. The two children of a town councillor of Longford, Mr. M'Garry, were upstairs playing, and got into the lower drawer of a chest of drawers and began to rock themselves, when the piece of furniture suddenly toppled over and fell upon them. A little boy, aged 2, was killed, and the second, a little girl, was seriously injured.

THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

At Guildhall Police Court, George Samuel Bum, a fireman in the Metropolitan Brigade, was charged before Alderman Isaacs with assaulting Engineer Cybell, his superior officer.—The complainant stated that he was on duty on Monday night when he received a call through the telephone from the defendant, who was in charge of the fire-box at Holborn Barrs. The call came in such a peculiar and indistinct manner that he (the complainant) asked what the defendant was talking about, whereupon the latter abused him through the instrument. The complainant remarked that he would go to Holborn Barrs and ascertain what was the matter. He found the defendant the worse for liquor, and accused him of it. The defendant then struck him a blow, upon which he was told that he was suspended from further duty, and requested to go home. This he would not do, and he was given into custody.—In answer to the charge, the defendant explained that on Monday night a stranger came up to him, and said there was a fire in Holborn Barrs. He sent the alarm in the ordinary way, and went down to the place indicated with a hand-cart, when he found it was a false alarm. When he answered the complainant through the telephone he was not aware that his superior was speaking to him. The defendant strongly denied having been drunk.—Alderman Isaacs made a strong appeal to the complainant to withdraw the charge, which, however, he declined to do on the ground of discipline. A penalty of 40s. was then imposed.

"IN THE SWIM."

BY A CITY SHARK.

The brilliant weather which attended the Whit-sundae outing had the natural effect of taking an exceptional number of people into the country. Railway traffic receipts consequently compare very favourably with those of last year, and this has hardened prices. But I think that speculators often make a mistake in assuming that the present position is a permanent one. The present position is a bit of an increase or decrease in one week's receipts makes no appreciable difference in the half-yearly returns of revenue. So far as it goes, however, the present augmentation of traffic counts on the right side, and as there was no costly accident to set against it, the gain is clear, although somewhat microscopic. Should fine weather continue, the holiday lines are bound to benefit to a sensible degree; but the heavy lines must depend for prosperity on the recovery in trade, a process which does not make such quick progress as seems to be the case at present. It is going on, nevertheless, in a quiet fashion, all our leading industries being in much fuller work than at this time last year. They, at all events, do not seem frightened by the alleged danger of invasion; were General Boulanger to drop in at Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, or Leeds, he would find little evidence of panic among either employers or employed. Nor do the Continental Bourses appear to be much frightened; otherwise, international securities would be a weak market instead of being about the strongest of all. Speculators are in peculiar request, and once more one hears rumours of a coming conversion scheme for the reduction of the interest. I doubt whether the time has quite come for that operation; the late loan, although subscribed twenty or thirty times over, is not in much request. Uruguay bonds have little life left in them. They stand nearly still, and although I am constantly assured that there is a good thing in them, I am compelled to confess myself tired of waiting. As an investment, however, I still have a high opinion of these securities; they have their attendant risks, no doubt, but the high rate of interest they yield is a good equivalent. American rails have got into a somewhat shaky condition, owing to the resolute selling of the New York "bears." In particular, a dead set is being made against "St. Paul," the inference being that some one knows something which, when revealed to the public, will produce a depressing effect. Let the merry game go on; I do not budge from my reiterated conviction that the American railway market contains more promise of a rise than any other. So far as I doubt that it will receive further justification later on. The Indian rate of exchange shows slight improvement, with the result that both classes of rupee paper are a fraction higher. There is money to be made in these discredited securities; I know none that I would sooner buy to put by. At the present depressed quotation, the four-and-a-half per cent., after deducting the loss on exchange, yield a fraction over a per cent. a handsome return considering that the security is precise, the same as for the Indian sterling loan, which only yields a fraction over 3 per cent. There is, of course, of course, of a further fall in the exchange, but that contingency has been more than discounted, I conceive, by the depreciation of price.

H. SWIN.—Wherever advised you to make such a mad plunge as either a knave or an idiot. Leave the concern alone, or you will assuredly suffer. It is rotten at the core. I have no doubt that it is something unpleasant in the wind. I should cut the Thru, and hold on to the others.

Jesse Wright, labourer, 23, employed at Calder Vale Boiler Works, was crushed to death on Thursday morning under a large boiler, which suddenly rebounded whilst being rolled over-on to the stocks. Wright leaves a widow and three children.

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FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS has maintained its world-wide reputation as the ONLY SAFE RELIABLE PHOSPHORIC REMEDY ever discovered for the Permanent Cure of Brain Weakness, Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, and Diseases of the System, dependent upon the Deficiency of the Vital Forces.

It Cures: Debility, Nerve and Heart Disease, Curious and Liver Complaints, Cures All Disorders of the Blood, Cures Depression and Loss of Appetite, Cures Consumption and General Debility, Checks All Wasting of the Vital Forces, Restores the System to its Normal Condition.

The EFFECT OF DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE is Nervous Debility and its Kindred Evils is immediate and permanent, and the Miserable Feelings and Distressing Symptoms disappearing with a rapidity that is marvellous.

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Actually cures New Nervous Fluid and Brain Matter by applying the Blood with its Electric Life element Phosphorus. The very Core and Centre of the Brain itself, and kindles afresh the Fire of Life from the Sole of the Foot to the Crown of the Head. Restores the fullest and most vigorous conditions of Robust Health of Body and Mind, so that all the Duties of Life may be pursued with confidence and pleasure.

At the only Medicine of the kind or name awarded a Certificate of Merit at the Calcutta Exhibition, 1884, where all Countries were Exhibitors, and the only Trade Mark—PHOSPHODYNE. The only Medicine of the kind or name awarded a Certificate of Merit at the Calcutta Exhibition, 1884, where all Countries were Exhibitors, and the only Trade Mark—PHOSPHODYNE. The only Medicine of the kind or name awarded a Certificate of Merit at the Calcutta Exhibition, 1884, where all Countries were Exhibitors, and the only Trade Mark—PHOSPHODYNE.

Sold in Bottles at 1/- by all Chemists throughout the world; or sent free in Great Britain on receipt of P.O. from

DR. LALOR'S PHOSPHODYNE LABORATORY, HAMPSHIRE, LONDON, N.W.

THE TIPPERARY MURDER.

At Tipperary Petty Sessions on Wednesday, James Sweeney, a bailiff, and Joseph Lloyd, son of a landowner, were charged, the former with the wilful murder of an artisan named Kennedy, and the latter with aiding and abetting the crime. The evidence showed that the prisoners—Lloyd being the worse for drink—were going home from Tipperary, when they began to quarrel. A man named Thompson interfered, when Lloyd ordered Sweeney to shoot. Sweeney obeyed, firing two shots from his revolver, one of which wounded Thompson in the hip. Kennedy, who was standing near, rushed towards the men, whereupon Sweeney shot him dead. Lloyd applauded the deed, shouting that he was an Englishman, and that he wished to see the Irishmen instead of one had that killed. Both prisoners were committed for trial, and on the way to the railway station were groaned at by a large crowd.

Here is an incident of Cincinnati life. It occurred at North Bend. During a dance, Harrison Staples stabbed Lewis Brown five times with a dirk and threw him into a gutter, where he was found dead a few hours later. Staples first set into a fight with John Hall, keeper of the house, and Brown and a man named Scroggs tried to make peace. Both Hall and Scroggs were also stabbed, but not fatally.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Though every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of replies, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for occasional errors. Questions requiring to be answered the same week must reach the office by Wednesday afternoon. Those subsequently received will be answered the following week. Whenever the return of any letter is desired it must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, otherwise the letter will be destroyed. No payment is required for contributions (they must be so marked), the amount being either sent or left to the editor's risk.)

HASTINGS.—All the personal estate is divisible in the proportions of one-third to the widow and two-thirds between the children by both marriages, share and share alike.

G. W. THOMPSON.—You had better apply to the secretary, Great Western Railway. It is quite impossible for any one but that official to specify the large charges for excursion trains to different places since the opening of the line.

F. B.—The 18th September, 1888.

J. H. HARRIS.—Fully supplied already. Send a stamped addressed envelope and the MS. will be returned.

DERBY.—Were you to do what you propose, you would appear both yourself and the paper in which the advertisement appeared to an action for defamation of character; that is, provided you could get any paper to give it insertion. We decline to lead you any help in this matter.

CHARLTON.—It depends upon the circumstances. If you have never made any application for payment during the whole period, and were not prevented from doing so by any unavoidable cause, the Statute of Limitations bars recovery. There are many exceptions to its operation.

E. F. PAYNE.—Is it too late for planting? Trees transplanted at this season would be almost sure to die. Late autumn and early spring are the best times for planting.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.—Is it a purely private matter, or a public interest whatever. The purchaser should have seen that the contract of sale declared the vendor from opening another similar business in the locality.

ARTISAN.—Your best course would be to convene a meeting of your creditors and lay before them a statement of your affairs. The sum you propose setting aside for the liquidation of the debt seems too small.

C. G. GRAY.—1. You must give up everything belonging to the lad. 2. Unless you can show actual loss of money no court would award compensation.

M. W.—It depends largely upon the terms of the agreement for sale. We suspect that two vendors took care of themselves.

W. R. LISCOTT.—Apply to some dealer in birds, or at a cage shop.

W. W.—All your personal estate would be divisible, in the event of your dying intestate, among your next of kin, in the legal order of precedence.

J. HODGE.—It is a common but purely erroneous conception. The name of the sort is acquired its present name when there was no other spanning the Thames at London.

READER.—1. In such court of law as might be appointed. 2. The child must be under twelve months of age. Where the father lives.

H. W.—A long time ago.

T. M.—Quite legal, provided there was no collusion, and that the name was not changed for a fraudulent purpose.

J. W. S.—Your removal from one house to the other did not wipe off the debt previously owing for rent.

SONY.—You had better advertise your wants. We have no means of advertising them for you.

AMATEUR.—We cannot say.

A. B. C.—The Statute of Limitations does not apply to the case, the debtor having been bound for a fraction of the period. Each debt can therefore be recovered by the usual means.

TRANSACTIONS.—Has no case at all, the new agreement not having been executed. If he remains on, he can charge what ever rent he chooses, or can have him forcibly ejected as a trespasser.

P. O.—You cannot do wrong by complying with the court's directions; it has laid down the proper course to follow. All bills of sale are registered; you had better have a look at the registry.

M. L.—You are responsible for the re-appearing.

G. B. C.—The concern being of a purely provincial character, we necessarily have no knowledge of its present status. Get some one in the locality to make inquiry, or write to one of the directors.

C. COLLIS BROWNE.—You have propounded a very pretty problem. The only solution we can see is to bring the case into court.

A. W. C.—It seems a fair price, but even Solomon himself would have been puzzled to estimate the value of premises which he had never inspected.

EMILY HITCHCOCK.—The husband has no claim whatever on the wife's wages, nor is the mother-in-law bound to house either himself or his husband.

LIQUIDATOR.—There is nothing further to be done but to wait patiently. The winding up of such concerns sometimes occupies several years.

O. W. C.—The present Crown Prince William would have succeeded to the Imperial throne in the case you suggest. The murder took place on May 28, 1880. 3. We do not know where it is published.

C. K.—It is not recorded in any of our books of reference. C. COLLIS BROWNE.—Declined with thanks. Very much obliged.

E. K. W.—1. On a Sunday. 2. The foundation-stone was laid in 1846; we have no record of the opening. 3. The Prince's Deck was opened on 18th July, 1841.

F. W. SMITH.—Declined with thanks.

J. E. COCKING.—Ditto, ditto. Send a stamped addressed envelope at once if you wish the article returned. It cannot be kept.

M. R.—You would have to prove that the father or the mother gave authority to the children to make the purchases. Afterwards, you could proceed against whichever it was who gave the authority.

M. E.—It depends upon the tobacco water used on both the plants and the soil would probably eradicate the pest.

A. K. M.—Both events happened on the same day, the 6th May, 1882.

R. K. M.—No. 2. We have never heard of the society you mention. You can obtain full information on application at 31, Broadway, Westminster.

WILLIAM.—1 and 2. The debt being unpaid in part, the balance can be recovered by law. His own insolvency has no bearing on the matter. 3. The note must be produced by B to enforce his claim if disputed.

AMOROUS.—No.

[Communications intended for this column should be delivered at the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursdays.]

VOLUNTEER REGIMENTAL ORDER

To LONDON.—Drills: Tuesday, at 4.0 p.m., Somerset left half battalion on duty. Thursday, at 8.9 p.m., Guisard left half battalion on duty. Recruits: Tuesday, 8.9 p.m., Wednesday, 8.9 p.m., Thursday, 8.9 p.m., Friday, 8.9 p.m., Saturday, 8.9 p.m., Sunday, 8.9 p.m. Garrisoning: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday practice; Monday and Wednesday only. E.C.O. of London, 15th inst., recruit drill at Headquarters.

To LONDON.—Company and recruit drill on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, from 8.9 to 9.6 p.m. Special F Company on Tuesday, and of D and M Companies on Wednesday, at Headquarters. Recruits: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, at Headquarters. Garrisoning: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, at Headquarters. The regiment will parade on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday.

withstanding the precautions he took when loading a good many human skeletons are mixed up with the others. Many of the natives, he says, follow the line of the Nile expedition, and brought large quantities of human remains.

A number of promotions in and appointments to the Order of St. Michael and St. George announced. Sir Daniel Cooper becomes a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order, and Captain Col M.P. is among those who receive a Knight's mandarin.

Sentence of seven years' penal servitude was passed at the Middlesex Sessions on William John P. Darby for stealing a watch and chain from Little Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Poor little Ramli, of Ahmedabad, was married when a child of 4. At 12 she was taken to London with her husband. She persistently ran away from him. One day her spouse overtook her, and, throwing her down, sat on her breast and cut off her nose with a razor. For this he has been sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

The Streatham Town Hall, lately erected in accordance with the designs of Mr. W. T. Hollands, was opened on Wednesday evening.

On Saturday a poll of the ratepayers of Ladbroke was taken upon the question of whether the Public Libraries' Act should be adopted in the borough, and the proposal was rejected by a majority of nearly three to one the figures being—902 for, 2,865 against.

ELECTRIC AND PUMPIO FINE TREATMENT—By a woman suffering from gout, rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, paralysis, epilepsy, liver complaints, debility, and any nervous or organic derangement, show for one of Johnson's Patent Electric Belts, the best and most scientific of the kind. It is a portable Voltaic C. unique construction with the hygienic properties of Danbigne's "Medicated Pumpio Pains Felt." This is the most scientific and hospital electric belt, the latest and best of the kind. It will cure all the above ailments, save your pocket, and make "life worth living." Write for prospectus. It will cost you nothing, therefore, immediately to W. G. Johnson, Medical Electric Belt, T. 10, Johnson's (Limited), 1, New Broad Street, London, E.C. 4.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, SEWING MACHINES,

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MUSICAL BOXES, ORGANNETTES ...	£ s. d.
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The entire Stock must be cleared at a Great Reduction, as the premises are coming down for the building of a new station.

To the Address, and sell early. All goods on the very terms of payment from 1s. per week.

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SUPPERSE ALL MEDICINES. They give immediate relief and quickly cure all Ailments of the Urinary Organs, Acquired or Constitutional Diseases, which bring Premature Loss of Nervous and Physical Strength, Sexual Weakness, &c. also in the Back, Groin, Bladder, Affections of the Prostate, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Lumbago, Long-standing Cases, Nervous Debility in every form, Stricture, Haemorrhoids, Blood arising from any cause, &c. &c. They are sold in every vegetable, and TROCHISKS OF CURBS ON HANGOVER. No more Mercury. Daily prescribed by the medical profession and with successful result, numerous from all parts. Price 5s. 2d. per box of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors. Sent for 2s. stamps, post free, to any address by L. Scheurer, Chemist, St. Prince-street, Temple-square, London.

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KAYE'S WORDSWELL'S PILLS Invaluable in Cases of all Ages.

KAYE'S WORDSWELL'S PILLS Remove Obstructions, Cleanse the System.

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Of all Chemists, Price, 1s. 6d. 3s. 6d. 5s. 6d. p. Box

DR. H. STAPLETON-EDWARDS'S
GOUT AND RHEUMATIC CURE.
THE FIRST DOSE RELIEVES.

TESTIMONIAL.
Field Locks, Apperly Bridge, Mr. Leeds,
March 2nd, 1894.

Dear Sir,—I find your remedy very good, for I had both Rheumatism and Lumbago. I have taken three doses, and found great relief, but afraid I shall not have enough to cure me, so please send me a larger bottle.—Yours truly,

To Dr. Edwards. **JOSEPH FRANK.**

Sold in bottles at 1s. 1½d. and 3s. 6d., or post free on receipt of sixteen or thirty-six stamps, at
85, NEW CHURCH-ROAD, CAMBERWELL, S.E.

MRS. FILCE'S OINTMENT.
ITS CURES ARE WONDERFUL (Registered).
Cures Abscesses, Bad Breasts, Bad Legs, Black Pimples, Boreheads, Boils, Burns, Chapped Hands, Cancers, Cuts, Enlarged Testis, Erysipelas Glans, Gout, Mumps, Old Stranding Wounds, Piles, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Rose Throat, Salt Stings, Skin Tumors, Tender Feet, Ulcerations, and all other prevalent skin diseases. N.B.—This Ointment has undoubtedly proved itself to be one of the greatest remedies on record. It is a most reliable cure, I append the following testimonial, of which the original can be seen on application:—

TESTIMONIAL.

"Dear Madam,"—It was with much pleasure I write to thank you for the great benefit I have received from your wonderful ointment. Having been a sufferer of rheumatism, I was advised by a friend to try it, and since I have used your ointment I have neither ache nor pain, but before I heard of your ointment sometimes I did not know how to get up or down stairs. I will always have it by me, and shall only be too pleased to recommend it to all my friends. You are ever, Sir, as you wish you like of this testimony.

I remain, yours obediently
W. C. HARRISON."

Sold in 74d., 1s. 10d., and 2s. 6d. Pots.
Foot free for 9d., 1s. or 5s stamps from the Proprietors,
J. TROSBALD-ROAD, PITLAKE BRIDGE, CROYDON
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THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

ORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

Are confidently Recommended as a Simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is the cause of many of our ailments, to which we are subject, being a medicine of mild and grateful and beneficial, than that it is with justice called "the most pleasant preserver of the Human Stomach."

NOROT'S PILLS

Of a powerful tonic and gentle aperient are sold in their operation, safe under every circumstance, and thousands of persons can testify to the benefits to be derived from their use.

ORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 10d., 2s. 6d., 11s.

by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

ORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

AND NOROT'S PILLS,

and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

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A R.K. universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Disinclination, and Drowsiness, Colic, Flatulency, Fishings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Constipation, Sourness and Itchings on the Skin, Disordered Menstruation, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them will carry off all humours and bring about a regularity that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine so equal Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according

mentals of all ages to sound and roving brain. This has been proved by thousands who have tried them, and found the benefits to be incalculable. It is the Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, and All Disorders of the Liver they act the magic, and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the rosiest of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are **FACTS** testified continually by members of all classes of society, and by the long and honorable list of names on the wrapper of each bottle. **DR. J. C. BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.**

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As a remedy for Coughs in general, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Tightness and Oppression of the Chest, Wheezing, etc., these Pills stand unrivalled, as no other ever offered to the public will speedily and effectually relieve that source of oppression and difficulty of breathing which so often deprives the patient of rest. Let any person who is afflicted with a Cough, try a trial, and the most wonderful cure will be effected.

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Francis Brecham, Thomas Brecham, St. Helena, Lancashire, in Scotland, and by each of the following Agents.

Solely by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers every where.

Be careful of the name, and ask for each Box 1/6.

The only sort ever guaranteed Genuine by Justus von Liebig. The Finest Meat-flavouring Stock. Use it for Soups, Made Dishes, Fish, Game, and other Sauces. Highly recommended as "Night Cap," instead of alcoholic drinks. Ask for the COMPANY'S Extract, and see that it bears JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S SIGNATURE IN BLUE INK across the Label.

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FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
BEST AND CHEAPEST.

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